

FEAR

HERE ARE TALES THAT WILL USHER YOU INTO

THE HAUNT OF



NO. 28
DEC.



10¢

FEAR[®]

FEATURING...



THE OLD WITCH



THE VAULT-KEEPER



THE CRYPT-KEEPER



IN MEMORIAM

TALES FROM THE CRYPT:	Born January 1950	Died November 1954
THE VAULT OF HORROR:	Born February 1950	Died October 1954
THE HAUNT OF FEAR:	Born February 1950	Died October 1954
CRIME SUSPENSTORIES:	Born August 1950	Died October 1954
SHOCK SUSPENSTORIES:	Born December 1951	Died September 1954

You may never read this magazine. For that matter, this magazine may never be printed. If it *is* printed, it may never be distributed. If it *is* distributed, it may be kept in a bundle behind the counter and never see the light of day. But if, through some miracle, it *does* reach the newsstand, this will probably be the last issue of this magazine you will ever read.

As a result of the hysterical, injudicious, and unfounded charges leveled at crime and horror comics, many retailers and wholesalers throughout the country have been intimidated into refusing to handle this type of magazine.

Although we at E.C. still believe, as we have in the past, that the charges against horror and crime comics are utter nonsense, there's no point in going into a defense of this kind of literature at the present time. Economically our situation is acute. Magazines that do not get onto the newsstands do not sell. We are forced to capitulate. *We give up. WE'VE HAD IT!*

Naturally, with comic magazine censorship now a fact, we at E.C. look forward to an immediate drop in the crime and juvenile delinquency rate of the United States. We trust there will be fewer robberies, fewer murders, and fewer rapes!

We would like to say in passing: . . . passing away, that is! . . . that if you have enjoyed reading E.C.'s horror and crime efforts over the past five years half as much as we have truly enjoyed creating them for you, then our labors of love have not been in vain.

But enough mush! This is not only an obituary notice; it is also a birth announcement!

BOY... WHAT WE GOT IN STORE FOR YOU! (Ya didn't think E.C. was gonna die with the books, did ya? We got talent we ain't even used yet!)

E.C. is planning the **NEW NEW TREND**. In January of 1955, we hit! In fact, we hit with five (5) sensational new titles. They won't be horror magazines . . . they won't be crime magazines! They'll be utterly new and different—but in the old reliable E.C. tradition! Naturally, we can't tell you what they'll be **YET** . . . we can feel the hot breath of our floundering competitors who followed us into horror on our necks. When the mags are ready to go, they'll be announced in **MAD, PANIC, WEIRD SCIENCE-FANTASY, PIRACY, and TWO-FISTED TALES!**

We feel it's gonna be a **HAPPY NEW YEAR** with our **NEW NEW TREND!**

Your grateful editors

THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

HEE, HEE! SO, WHY AM I CACKLING? THIS WILL PROBABLY BE THE *LAST ISSUE* OF MY PUTRID PERIODICAL AND I'M CACKLING! I SHOULD BE CRYING! THE SAD DETAILS ARE IN MY IDIOT EDITORS' COLUMN OPPOSITE THIS PAGE ON THE INSIDE FRONT COVER. AS FOR NOW, WELL... PULL UP A TOADSTOOL AND SQUAT, TOT, AND YOUR *SHIVER-CHEF, THE OLD WITCH*, WILL DELVE INTO THE DOLEFUL DETAILS OF THE LIFE AND DEATH OF A BLUE-NOSED REFORMER AND SERVE UP THE *HAUNT OF FEAR SPECIAL* I CALL...

The Prude

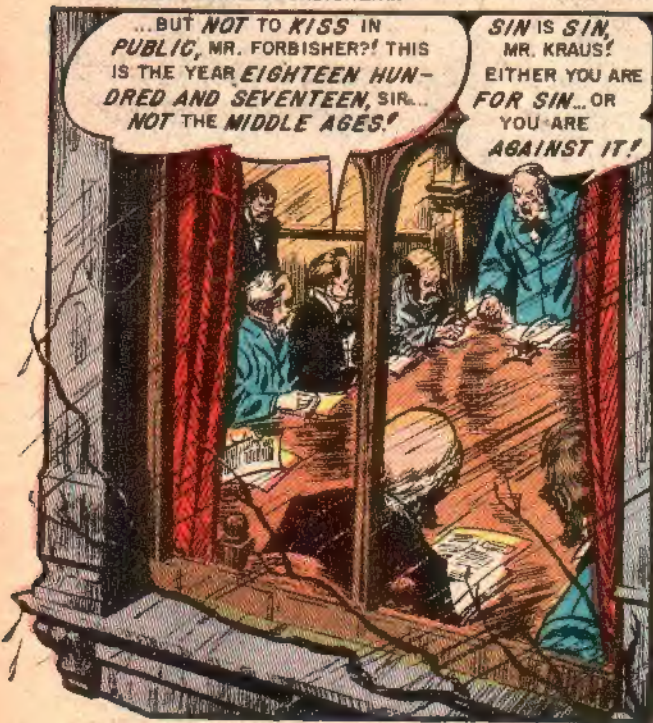
ON A TYPICAL, RAINY, BLUSTERY, MISERABLE MARCH DAY IN THE EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY, A TYPICAL GROUP OF ELECTED OFFICIALS SAT IN THE COUNCIL CHAMBER OF THE MEETING HALL OF A TYPICAL EARLY AMERICAN TOWN CALLED NORTHTON, CRINGING BEHIND THEIR LONG POLISHED TABLE AND WINCING AT THE THUNDERING WORDS OF CITIZEN WARREN FORBISHER...

...BUT *NOT TO KISS IN PUBLIC*, MR. FORBISHER?! THIS IS THE YEAR *EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTEEN*, SIR... *NOT THE MIDDLE AGES!*

SIN IS SIN, MR. KRAUS! EITHER YOU ARE *FOR SIN*... OR YOU ARE *AGAINST IT!*

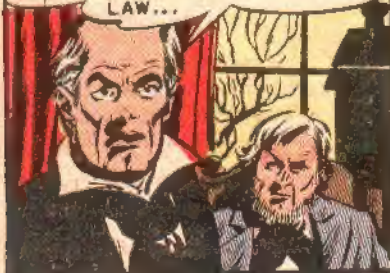
Farewell!
—GHASTLY

AND IF YOU ARE *FOR SIN*, YOU ARE *AGAINST ME*... *AGAINST ME* AND MY ASSOCIATES! YOU KNOW THEM, MR. KRAUS... YOU KNOW *MR. GOULD* OF THE NORTHTON TIMES, *MR. WALLMAN* OF THE WALLMAN BANK, AND *MR. BROCK* OF BROCK SHIPPING COMPANY. THEY ARE *POWERFUL MEN*, MR. KRAUS!



MR. GEORGE KRAUS ROSE SLOWLY, DREW HIMSELF UP TO HIS FULL FIVE FEET SIX AND CALMLY STARED BACK INTO WARREN FORBISHER'S COLD, GREY EYES...

SIR, THIS COUNCIL WAS ELECTED BY ALL OF THE PEOPLE OF NORTHTON... NOT BY YOU AND YOUR ASSOCIATES! I DO NOT KNOW HOW THE OTHER COUNCIL MEMBERS FEEL, BUT I WILL NOT BE COERGED. I WILL VOTE AGAINST THIS ABSURD LAW...



FORBISHER, THE SELF-APPOINTED GUARDIAN OF PUBLIC MORALS... THE PILLAR OF SOCIETY... THE RIGHT-EOUS JUDGE OF ALL... STAGGERED AT KRAUS'S REBUFF, FLUSHED DEEP RED, AND CHOKED OUT AN INDIGNANT REPLY...

I SHALL SEE TO IT, MR. KRAUS, THAT THE PEOPLE OF NORTHTON ARE INFORMED OF YOUR OPPOSITION TO DECENCY. GOOD DAY, GENTLEMEN...



WARREN FORBISHER STORMED FROM THE TOWN HALL AND CROSSED TO THE OFFICE OF THE NORTHTON TIMES...

GOULD, I WANT YOUR PAPER TO START A CAMPAIGN AGAINST GEORGE KRAUS! TELL YOUR READERS HOW HE IS AGAINST MY EFFORTS TO HALT THE MORAL DECAY OF THIS TOWN. LAY IT ON THICK, GOULD...



BUT WARREN FORBISHER MET SUDDEN AND UNEXPECTED OPPOSITION FROM ONE OF HIS OWN SUPPORTERS...

SORRY, FORBISHER. THAT WOULDN'T BE TRUE! AFTER ALL, COUNCILMAN KRAUS DID SUPPORT YOUR REQUEST FOR THE DEATH PENALTY FOR ADULTERY. HE DID SUPPORT THE REST OF YOUR REFORMS. NOW THAT HE THINKS YOU'RE GOING TOO FAR, HE'S STOPPED! AND I AGREE!

YOU AGREE?



YES! I SINCERELY THOUGHT YOU WANTED TO DO GOOD FOR OUR TOWN. I SEE NOW THAT YOU'VE BECOME NOTHING MORE THAN A PETTY TYRANT! LAWS LIKE YOURS CAN GO TOO FAR. THEY CAN REACH A POINT OF RIDICULOUSNESS. NO, FORBISHER, I'M NOT GOING TO GO ALONG WITH YOU AND BLACKEN AN HONEST MAN'S NAME. I WON'T SACRIFICE THE INTEGRITY OF MY PAPER!

YOU'LL BE SORRY, GOULD! I'LL BREAK YOU AND YOUR YELLOW RAG. I'LL BREAK KRAUS! I STAND FOR GOOD... AND GOOD MEANS POWER...



AND SO, BECAUSE HE WAS FOR GOOD, AND BECAUSE HE WAS POWERFUL, THE PEOPLE OF NORTHTON LISTENED TO WARREN FORBISHER WHEN HE SPOKE AT THE NEXT TOWN MEETING...

KISSING IN PUBLIC MAY BE A SMALL MATTER, WORTHY OF NO MORE THAN A FEW DAYS IN PILLORY... BUT IF COUNCILMAN KRAUS OPPOSES SO SMALL A REFORM, DOESN'T IT FOLLOW THAT HE WILL SET OUT TO DESTROY EVERY IMPORTANT REFORM WE HAVE AGHIEVED TO PROTECT THIS TOWN'S DECENT PEOPLE!



HE HARANGUED HIS LISTENERS. HE RANTED. HE SPOKE IN A QUAVERING VOICE, CHOKED WITH EMOTION...

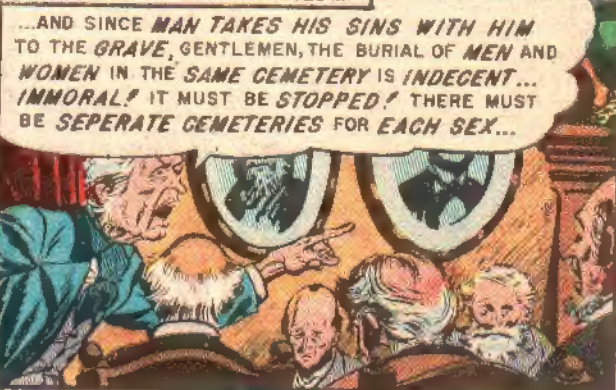
YOU MEN WITH DAUGHTERS... YES, EVEN YOUR WIVES... DO YOU WANT THEM EXPOSED TO THE LECHERS OF THIS TOWN... TO THE... I WON'T USE THE WORD IN MIXED COMPANY! I BEG YOU, THEN... THROW OUT THIS COUGLHMAN... THIS KRAUS... WHO IS THREATENING THE MORALITY OF OUR BELOVED TOWN!



THE PEOPLE CHEERED THEMSELVES HOARSE, AND COME ELECTION TIME, GEORGE KRAUS WAS RECALLED BY THE VOTERS...



WITH THE PEOPLE'S MANDATE, WARREN FORBISHER SURGED AHEAD IN HIS CAMPAIGN AGAINST SIN IN HIS HOME TOWN. KISSING IN PUBLIC WAS OUTLAWED. THEN, HOLDING HANDS. THEN, COUPLES ALONE WITHOUT A CHAPERONE. THE HELPLESS COUNCIL WEAKLY NODDED APPROVAL AS REFORM AFTER REFORM WAS PROPOSED...



DOES THAT MEAN... CHOK... THAT YOU WANT THOSE ALREADY BURIED TO BE DUG UP AND SEPARATED! SURELY YOU DON'T BELIEVE THAT THE DEAD...?

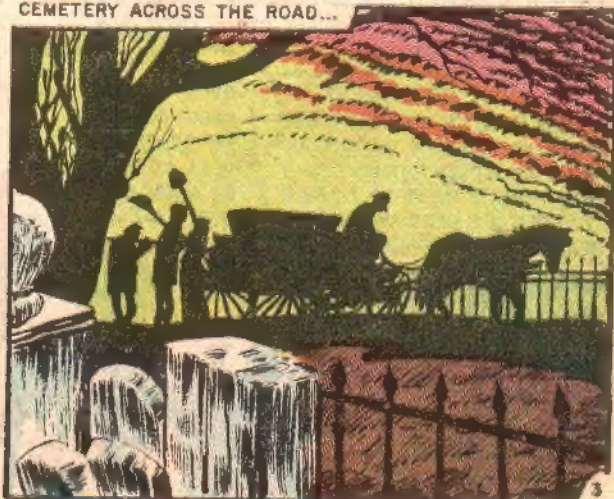
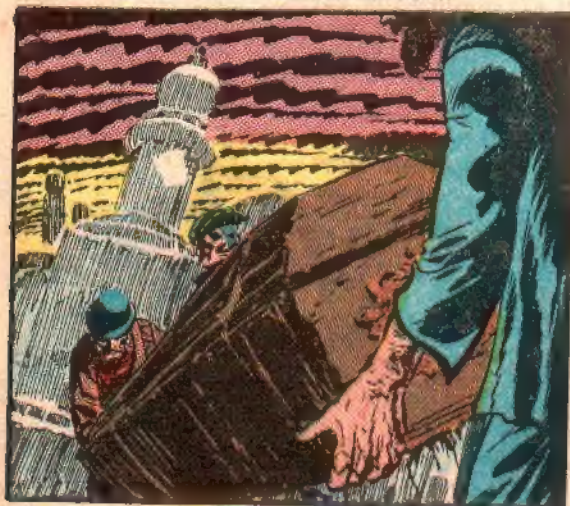
THAT IS PRECISELY WHAT I DO MEAN, GENTLEMEN! WHO IS TO SAY WHAT GOES ON IN THE AFTERLIFE? SEPARATE THEM, I SAY! AVOID ANY POSSIBILITIES...

GOULD'S PREDICTION HAD COME TRUE! THE ANTI-IMMORALITY CAMPAIGN HAD REACHED THE POINT OF RIDICULOUSNESS! THE "SEPERATE CEMETERY LAW" WAS PASSED. WORKMEN, PERSONALLY DIRECTED BY WARREN FORBISHER, OPENED EVERY WOMAN'S GRAVE...



... REMOVED HER COFFIN AND GRAVESTONE...

...AND BURIED THE LADIES "DECENTLY" IN THEIR NEW CEMETERY ACROSS THE ROAD...



AFTER THAT, ALL THOSE THAT DIED WERE BURIED IN THEIR RESPECTIVE CEMETERIES. AND OFTEN WARREN FORBISHER VISITED THE TWO GRAVEYARDS TO MAKE SURE THE LAW WAS BEING OBSERVED. HOWEVER, ON ONE OF HIS VISITS, WHAT HE SAW TURNED HIM LIVID WITH RAGE...



OLD SETH HOSKINS, THE CEMETERY CARETAKER, SHRUGGED...



SETH HOSKINS DRAGGED AT HIS PIPE THOUGHTFULLY...



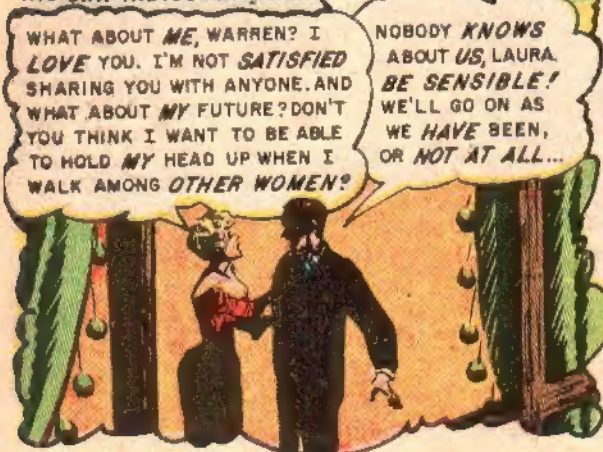
MR. FORBISHER CROSSED THE ROAD TO EXAMINE THE EMPTY GRAVES WHERE THE WOMEN THAT HAD "RETURNED" HAD BEEN BURIED. AND THEN HE SAW THE ONE GRAVESTONE STILL STANDING...



THE PASSED YEARS ROLLED AWAY BEFORE WARREN FORBISHER'S MIND'S EYE. HE SAW HIMSELF AS HE WAS AT THIRTY-TWO... HE... AND LAURA ADAMS...



HE REMEMBERED IT ALL SO CLEARLY... THAT AWFUL DAY THAT WAS THE FINAL CURTAIN TO HIS OWN SIN... HIS OWN INDISCRETION...



HE REMEMBERED HOW LAURA... POOR SWEET LAURA... HAD STARED AT HIM FOR A LONG MOMENT, THEN TURNED TO HER DESK, AND DREW OUT THE VIAL... HER EYES SHIMMERING WITH TEARS...



HE REMEMBERED HOW LAURA'D PUT THE VIAL TO HER LIPS, TOSSED BACK HER HEAD, AND EMPTIED ITS CONTENTS DOWN HER THROAT...



MY GOD, LAURA! DON'T!

HE'D RUSHED TO HER SIDE... TOO LATE. WITH HORROR, HE'D REALIZED THAT TO CALL A DOCTOR WOULD EXPOSE HIMSELF TO SCANDAL. HE COULD DO NOTHING BUT STAND AND WATCH HIS BELOVED LAURA WRITHE IN AGONY. HE'D WATCHED HER FOAM AT THE MOUTH... HER FACE DISTORT... TURN PURPLE. HE'D WATCHED HER DIE...



LAURA... CHOKE...

AND THEN HE'D CREEPT FROM HER HOUSE IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT AND LEFT HER LYING ON THE FLOOR...



HE'D NOT BEEN ABLE TO SLEEP FOR WEEKS AFTERWARD. HE'D BEEN TORTURED WITH GUILT. TORTURED WITH THE VISION OF HER GROTESQUELY TWISTED PURPLE FACE...

HE'D KNOWN HE'D SINNED! AND SO, AT FIRST, HE'D PUNISHED HIMSELF! HE'D TOUCHED NO LIQUOR... NO WINE. HE'D PERMITTED HIMSELF NO THOUGHT OF OTHER WOMEN... NOT EVEN HIS OWN WIFE...



NO! NO...

WARREN...?

PLEASE, HENRIETTA. GO TO YOUR OWN ROOM!



HE'D FINALLY FOUND ESCAPE FROM HIS OWN GUILT BY CONVINCING HIMSELF THAT FATE HAD DRIVEN HIM TO SIN SO THAT HE MIGHT KNOW ITS TORMENT AND THUS SAVE OTHERS. HE'D SUBCONSCIOUSLY SET ABOUT RIGHTING HIS OWN WRONGS BY EXPOSING AND DEMANDING THE END OF THE WRONG DOINGS OF OTHERS...

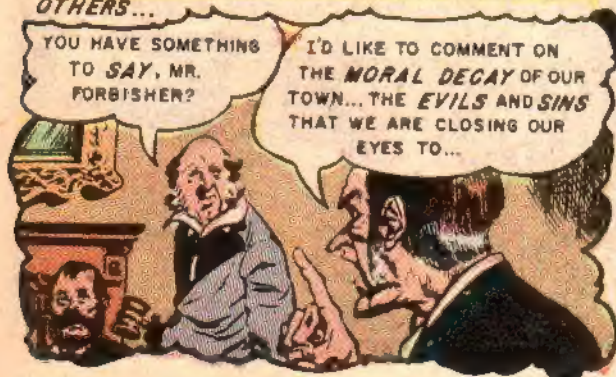
HE'D BEGUN SPEAKING AT TOWN MEETINGS... DEMANDING REFORMS... DEMANDING THE END OF SIN... THEREBY ERASING HIS OWN...

DANCING... THAT'S WHAT'S RUINING OUR YOUTH, DANCING AND STAYING OUT TILL ALL HOURS! WE MUST HAVE A CURFEW...

FORBISHER IS RIGHT!

YOU HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY, MR. FORBISHER?

I'D LIKE TO COMMENT ON THE MORAL DECAY OF OUR TOWN... THE EVILS AND SINS THAT WE ARE CLOSING OUR EYES TO...



THE "GOOD" FOLKS OF NORTHTON...THOSE WITH THEIR OWN SECRET HIDDEN GUILTS...HAD RALLIED TO FORBISHER...SWALLOWED HIS WORDS...DEMANDED TO HAVE HIS EVERY SUGGESTED REFORM MADE INTO LAW. HE'D BECOME NORTHTON'S SYMBOL OF RIGHT-EDUSNESS AND GOODNESS. HE'D BECOME NORTHTON'S POWER...

THERE'S ONLY ONE SURE CURE FOR THAT KIND OF MORAL CRIME. DEATH!

WE'RE WITH YOU, FORBISHER...

AND WHO IS TO SAY THAT THE PRESENCE OF LAURA ADAMS' BODY IN THE TOWN CEMETERY WAS NOT THE SUB-CONSCIOUS INSPIRATION FOR FORBISHER'S DEMAND FOR "SEPARATE GRAVEYARDS"? HIS INSPECTION VISITS, SURELY AT LEAST, HAD GIVEN HIM A CHANCE TO COMMUNE WITH HER...

SEE, LAURA...MUCH GOOD HAS COME FROM YOUR DEATH. YOU DID NOT DIE IN VAIN. I HAVE LEARNED FROM IT AND I AM TEACHING OTHERS...

SO WARREN FORBISHER SMILED DOWN AT THE GRAVESTONE THAT HAD NOT BEEN MOVED AND HE THOUGHT ABOUT THE MISTAKES OF HIS PAST AND HOW HE'D MORE THAN MADE UP FOR THEM.

HOSKINS! YOU MOVE EVERY WOMAN'S GOFFIN BACK HERE...AND IF THIS HAPPENS AGAIN, I'LL HAVE YOU THROWN IN PRISON!

SO THE WOMEN'S COFFINS WERE AGAIN UPROOTED AND TRANSFERRED ACROSS THE ROAD IN THEIR OWN GRAVEYARD. ALONG WITH THEIR GRAVESTONES AND WARREN FORBISHER WAS SATISFIED. BUT THEN, THE NEXT TIME HE CAME TO INSPECT...

GOOD LORD! HOSKINS!

HOSKINS, I WARNED YOU WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF YOU DID THIS AGAIN...

...AND I TOLD YOU I'M NOT DOIN' IT! YOU CAN'T STOP HUSBANDS AND WIVES AND SWEETHEARTS FROM BEIN' TOGETHER AFTER THEY'RE DEAD, MR. FORBISHER!

DON'T TRY TO FOOL ME, HOSKINS! EITHER THE FAMILIES OF THE DEAD ARE DOING IT, OR YOU'RE DOING IT FOR THEM. I WON'T HAVE IT! THIS IS MY LAST WARNING! TRANSFER THOSE BODIES BACK AND PUT A STOP TO THIS NONSENSE!

Y-YES, SIR!

BUT THAT NIGHT, SUSPICIOUS OF THE OLD CARETAKER AND ANXIOUS TO TRAP HIM IN THE ACT, WARREN FORBISHER RETURNED TO THE CEMETERIES...

THERE HE IS...SITTING ON THAT BOX! HE'S GOT A SPADE! NOW HE'S LIGHTING A PIPE. VILE HABIT...SMOKING! MUST PUT A STOP TO IT...

SUDDENLY WARREN FORBISHER BECAME CONSCIOUS OF MOVEMENT ALL AROUND HIM. THE BRIGHT MOONLIGHT SHONE ON THE STRUGGLING FORMS...THE ROTTING CORPSES OF MEN AND WOMEN...DIGGING THEIR WAY INTO THE NIGHT AIR...LABORING WITH HEAVY GRAVESTONES...RETURNING TO THE SIDES OF THEIR MATES. FORBISHER SCREAMED AND RUSHED TOWARD THEM, WAVING HIS ARMS...



STOP! STOP THIS WICKEDNESS!
THERE ARE LAWS AGAINST THIS!

AND THEN WARREN STOPPED AMID THE "SINNING" TABLEAU...FOR SUDDENLY HE SAW THE MOULDY, MAGGOT-INFESTED, ROTTING CORPSE OF LAURA ADAMS COME FROM HER GRAVE AND STUMBLE TOWARD HIM...

SETH HOSKINS WAITED UNTIL THE TREMORS AND THE SCRAPING AND THE DIGGING HAD DIED AWAY AND SILENCE HAD ONCE AGAIN DESCENDED UPON THE GRAVEYARDS. THEN HE PICKED UP HIS SPADE, SHRUGGED, AND BEGAN FILLING IN THE EMPTY, GAPING HOLES...



NO! LAURA, NO! GO BACK!
NO! NO...



I SURE WISH THEY'D STAY PUT! I'M GETTIN' AWFUL TIRED OF DOIN' THIS EVERY NIGHT AND THEN SWITCHIN' 'EM BACK WHEN MR. FORBISHER FINDS OUT...

WHEN OLD SETH HOSKINS CAME TO LAURA ADAMS' GRAVE AND LOOKED DOWN INTO THE MOONLIT-ILLUMINATED PIT, HE BLUSHED TO THE ROOTS OF HIS SPARSE GREY HAIR AND HE SHOOK HIS HEAD AND HE GRINNED AT WHAT HE SAW...



WHY, MR. FORBISHER! DON'T YOU KNOW THERE ARE LAWS ABOUT THAT SORT OF THING! GASP... SHAME ON YOU!

HEE, HEE! WELL, THAT'S THE **OPENING TERROR-TUNE** FOR THIS **BRAWL**, KIDDIES. LURA FINALLY DRAGGED WARREN DOWN WITH HER AND THEY **ROTTED TOGETHER HAPPILY EVER AFTER**. NOW THE **VAULT-KEEPER** AWAITS WITH HIS **MORBID-MELODY**. I'LL BE BACK LATER WITH **ANOTHER** ODIOUS ORCHESTRATION. IN THE MEANTIME, **DON'T BREAK ANY SATURDAY NIGHT DATES...NECKS, THAT IS!** 'BYE...



**WE KNOW
YOU'LL ENJOY
THE LUSTY,
SWASHBUCKLING
ADVENTURES
IN OUR NEW
SEAGOING MAG!
"PIRACY" IS
A TREASURE
CHEST OF SALTY
SEA YARNS
PRESENTED IN THE E. C. TRADITION!**



SO SAIL DOWN TO YOUR
LOCAL NEWSSTAND, MATES...
DO A LITTLE EXPLORING
THROUGH THE REST OF THE
BILGE... AND COMMANDEER
YOUR COPY. IF YOU'RE NOT
THE OUTDOOR TYPE AND
WOULD RATHER IMPORT
"PIRACY", YOU CAN
SUBSCRIBE! JUST FILL OUT
THE COUPON AND SHIP
OFF, TOGETHER WITH ONE
HUNDRED PIECES OF CENT
(THAT'S ONE BUCK,
LANDLUBBERS!) TO:

THE SEASICK EDITORS OF
PIRACY
ROOM 706
225 LAFAYETTE STREET
N.Y.C. 12, N.Y.

OKAY, YOU FO'C'SLE RATS! I'M
SHANGHAIED! HERE'S \$1.00 FOR THE NEXT
EIGHT ISSUES OF PIRACY!

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

ZONE
NO.

STATE _____

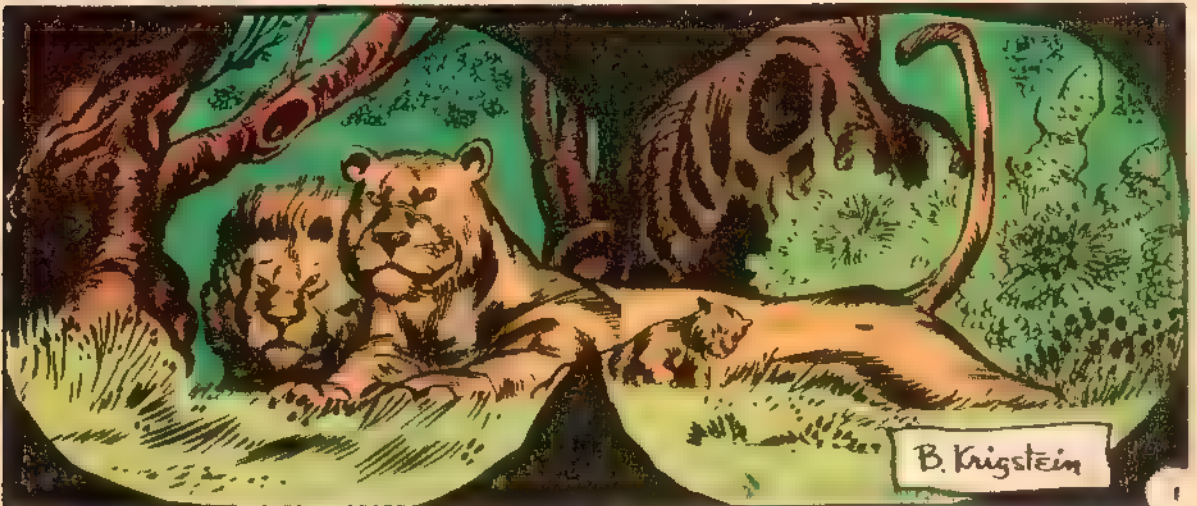
THE VAULT OF HORROR!

HEH, HEH' HI, HIDIOTS' THIS IS YOUR VAULT-KEEPER AGAIN, YOUR NARRATOR OF NAUSEATING NOVEL-ETTES, INVITING YOU IN FOR SOME REVOLTING REFRESHMENTS IN THE VAULT OF HORROR. HELP YOURSELF TO ANY BIER IN THE PLACE WHILE I TELL YOU A TENSE TALE OF TERROR INVOLVING THE SORDID SKULLDUGGERY OF A SAVAGE SADIST NAMED JOHN GARVEL, WHOSE EXPERIENCES IN THE AFRICAN JUNGLE WERE OUT OF THIS VELDT' IT'S A YELP-YARN IN JOHN'S OWN WORDS. HE CALLS IT...

NUMBSKULL



THIS IS THE SCENE I VIEW MY DOMAIN. THIS IS MY REFUGE FROM THE EVIL WORLD OF THE MOST DANGEROUS OF ALL SAVAGE ANIMALS. MAN. THIS IS MY HOME THIS DEEP, DARK AFRICAN JUNGLE. A SPACIOUS ROOM WALLED IN BY GIANT TROPICAL TREES WHOSE FOLIAGE FAR ABOVE MEET TO FORM A CATHEDRAL CEILING THIS IS MY FINAL RETIRING-PLACE, FAR FROM MAN AND BEING A MAN, AND KNOWING MAN, AND POSSESSING ALL OF THE TREACHERY AND CRUELTY OF MAN, I WAS FEARED BY MY SUBJECTS, ONCE THE BEASTS OF THIS JUNGLE. YET, NOW, THEY'VE LEARNED NOT TO FEAR ME, BUT TO LIVE AND PLAY AND REAR THEIR YOUNG NEARBY, WHILE I SURVEY ALL WITH A BENEVOLENT SILENCE



B. Krigstein

AS I LOOK OUT OVER MY HOME, I CAN SEE MY LIFE AS IT *USED* TO BE. WHEN I ROAMED THIS VERY JUNGLE GLADE WITH A MADDENING DESIRE TO *KILL*



I SEE MY LIFE *THEN*...AS SELF-MADE MONARCH OF THIS JUNGLE... WAITING BY MY TENT FOR THE *FRIGHTFUL SHRIEK* TO STILL THE CHATTERING DIN



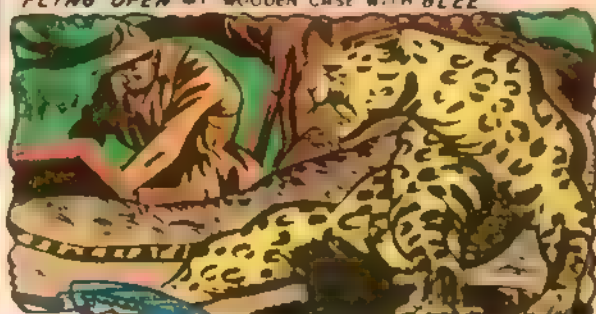
AND WHEN IT *CAME*, I WOULD *SMILE* IN ANTICIPATION OF THE DELIGHTS THAT AWAITED ME. SNATCH UP MY RIFLE AND WOODEN CASE, AND DASH OFF TO *FIND* THE PIT THAT HELD MY LATEST VICTIM



SWIFTLY, I WOULD HURRY FROM TRAP TO TRAP, A PLEASURABLE *TINGLE* COURSEING THROUGH MY BODY, CULMINATING IN A WILD EXPLOSIVE *THRILL* WHEN I FINALLY *CAME* TO THE ONE THAT HELD MY PRISONER



IT WOULD BE A *LION* OR A *PANTHER* OR SOME OTHER INNOCENT CREATURE OF THE OVERGROWTH, BUT TO *ME*, IT WAS THE *PERSONIFICATION OF EVERY-ONE I EVER HATED* MY OLD *BUSINESS PARTNER* WHO'D MILKED ME DRY MY *WIFE* WHO'D CHEATED MY *LAWYER*...MY *BROTHER* MY *FATHER*. I WOULD *FLING OPEN* MY WOODEN CASE WITH *GLEE*



...AND I WOULD *HAVE MY REVENGE!* I WOULD DRAW FORTH THE INSTRUMENTS OF *TORTURE* THE CONTRIVANCES OF *PAIN* AND *SUFFERING* AND I WOULD *USE* THEM ON THOSE I HATED NEEDLE NOSED DARTS WEIGHTED KNIVES



ONE AFTER THE OTHER, I WOULD FLING THEM INTO THE SHRIEKING BEAST'S TAWNY HIDE EACH *SCREAM*, EACH *PIERCING OF FLESH* SENDING THE THRILL OF REVENGE SURGING *STRONGER* THROUGH MY BODY FOR IT WAS MY OLD *PARTNER* SCREAMING MY *WIFE'S* HIDE MY *LAWYER'S* BLOOD MY *FATHER'S* PAIN



AFTER A WHILE, I'D SHOOT IT AND PUT IT OUT OF ITS MISERY.

OF ALL THE JUNGLE BEASTS, NONE GAVE ME **BETTER** SATISFACTION THAN THE **APE**, FOR WHAT ANIMAL IS **MORE** LIKE A **MANY**? I WOULD DIG MY PIT-TRAPS **JUST DEEP ENOUGH** AND **WIDE ENOUGH** TO **HOLD** ONE OF THESE HUMANOID CREATURES...



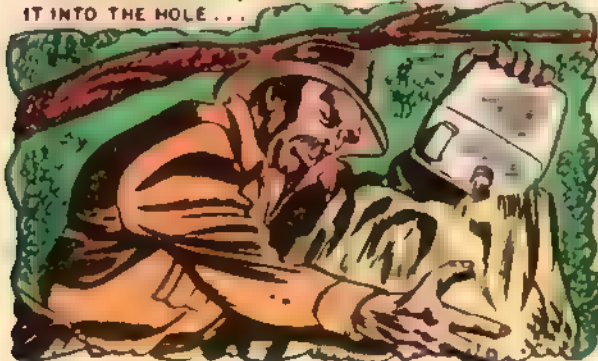
ONE DAY, AFTER I'D FINISHED ONE OF MY APE TRAPS AND WAS RETURNING TO MY CAMP, I WAS ENRAGED TO SEE AN ARMY OF **GIANT CARNIVOROUS ANTS** DRAGGING OFF A **SUCCULENT** SECTION OF ANTELOPE RUMP.



MY **FIRST** INSTINCT WAS TO **SMASH** THE **HIDEOUS** CRAWLERS INTO **JELLY**, BUT I THOUGHT OF A **BETTER** REVENGE. I **FOLLOWED** THEM AS THEY DRAGGED THEIR PRIZE TO THEIR **TWELVE-FOOT ANTHILL** THEIR **HOME**.



I WATCHED THEM SHRED THE RUMP AND CARRY IT INTO THEIR NEST LITTLE BY LITTLE. WHEN THE LAST OF THEM HAD VANISHED INTO THE HOLE ATOP THE HILL, I HURRIED BACK TO CAMP AND RETURNED WITH A LARGE CAN OF **KEROSENE**, CLIMBED THE HILL, AND EMPTIED IT INTO THE HOLE...



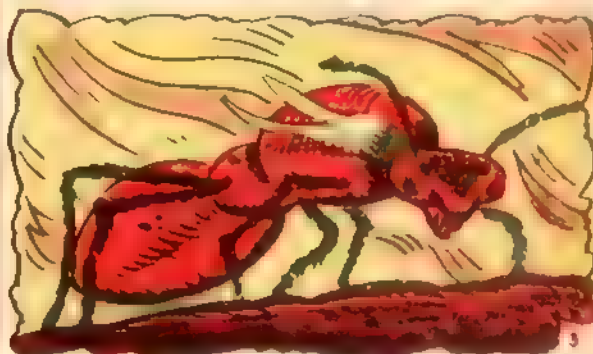
THEN, I STRUCK A MATCH AND TOSSED IT INTO THE HOLE



THE HILL SHOOK SLIGHTLY WITH A DULL BLAST. SHEETS OF FLAME SHOT UPWARDS. I WAS DRIVEN OFF BY THE FIRE'S HEAT AND THE SICKENING ODOOR OF BURNING LIFE.



I COULD HEAR THE CRACKLING OF THEIR BODIES AS THEY FRIED IN THEIR BLAZING HILL. ONE HUGE ANT MANAGED TO CRAWL FROM THE HOLE AND ESCAPE, FLEEING IN A WILD ZIGZAG COURSE, CARRYING THE FIRE WITH IT.



I DREW MY PISTOL...WAITED FOR IT. IT SAW ME. HESITATED. THEN BACKED OFF. ITS BODY SMOULDERING. I WOULD HAVE BLOWN IT TO BITS *THEN*, BUT SUDDENLY A *STARTLED SHRIEK* ECHOED OUT OF THE OVERGROWTH THE SHRIEK OF A *TRAPPED APE*.



I SPED BACK TO CAMP FOR MY WOODEN CASE,FEELING THAT SURGE OF EXCITEMENT POUND THROUGH MY VEINS



IT WAS AN APE, ALL RIGHT...IT'S ARMS PINIONED TO ITS SIDES BY THE SHEER WALLS OF THE PIT,I APPROACHED, LEERING, STUDYING THE SNARLING HAIRY FACE,SEEING THE FACES OF THOSE I *HATED*...

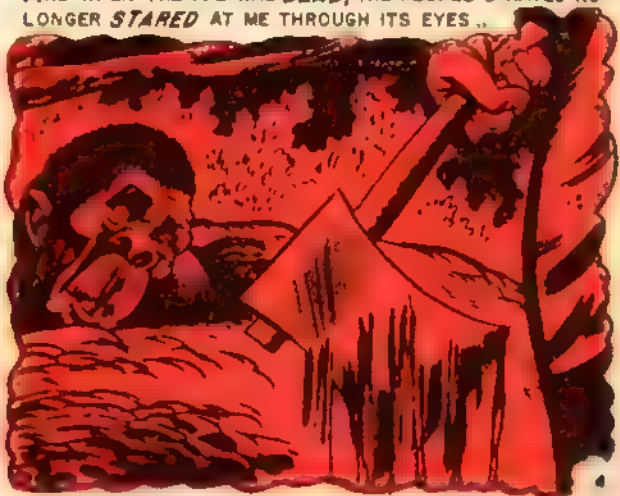
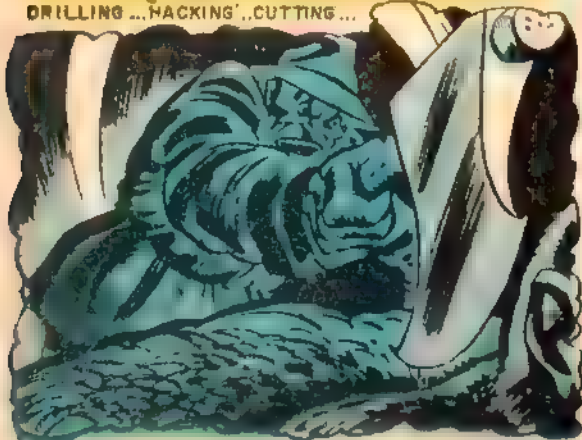
I TOOK MY INSTRUMENTS OF TORTURE...PLIERS, HAMMER AND NAILS. BRACE, SAW, AX, AND A DOZEN OTHER CRUEL PAIN-INFLECTING ARTICLES..FROM MY CASE AND ARRAYED THEM ON THE GROUND BEFORE MY TRAPPED,ALL-BUT-HUMAN CAPTIVE WHO STARED AT THEM CURIOUSLY...

THE *EYES!* THAT'S WHAT WAS SO *SPECIAL* ABOUT TORTMENTING AN APE. THE EYES WERE *ALMOST HUMAN*. THEY *PLEADED*. THEY SHOWED THE *EMOTIONS OF PAIN*. THEY WERE *BUSINESS PARTNER'S EYES*...AND *CHEATING WIFE'S EYES*...*LAWYER'S EYES*...*BROTHER'S EYES*...*FATHER'S EYES*...*EYES I HATED...HATED...*

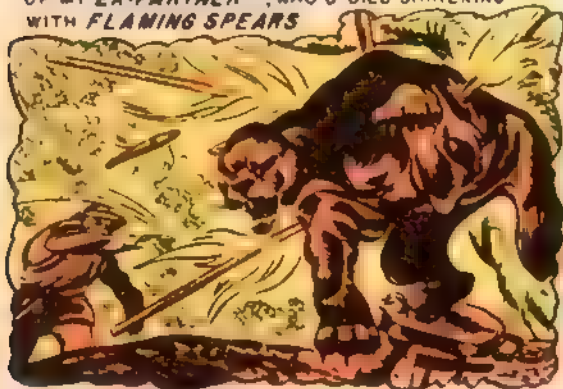


I *SAVORED* EACH LOOK OF TERROR, EACH FLASH OF PAIN IN THOSE EYES AS I USED MY INSTRUMENTS OF TORTURE...*CRUNCHING BONE*...*SMASHING FLESH*...*DRILLING*...*HACKING*...*CUTTING*...

AND WHEN THE APE WAS *DEAD*, THE PEOPLE I *HATED* NO LONGER *STARED* AT ME THROUGH ITS EYES..



DAY AFTER DAY, THERE WERE **OPPORTUNITIES** FOR ME TO WREAK MY **VENGEANCE** UPON MY HATED ENEMIES. THERE WAS THE **BLACK PANTHER** I'D CAUGHT IN ONE OF MY MANY PITS... A SHADOW IMAGE OF MY **EX-PARTNER**, WHO'D DIED SHRIEKING WITH **FLAMING SPEARS**.

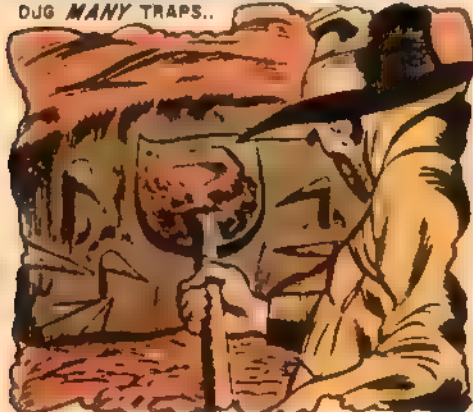


THERE WAS THE **HYENA** NOTED FOR ITS MIDICUS LAUGHTER THAT I'D SNARED IN A ROPE LOOP TIED TO A SAPLING AS IT HUNG SUSPENDED. IT BECAME MY **WIFE**, LAUGHING AT ME AS SHE TOLD ME OF HER AFFAIR. I'D **SILENCED** HER LAUGHTER WITH AN **AX**.



BUT **NO** ANIMAL GAVE ME AS **GREAT** A FEELING OF **COMPLETE SATISFACTION** AS THE **ALMOST-HUMAN SUFFERINGS** OF A **MAN-LIKE APE**. AND SO, FOR THE APE, I DUG **MANY TRAPS**..

AND THEN, LATE ONE DAY, ABOUT A MONTH AGO, I WAS CROSSING THIS VERY GLADE, RETURNING TO CAMP. I WAS TIRED...NOT ALERT. I DID NOT **SEE** MY **OWN APE TRAP** UNTIL THE **FLIMSY GRASS MATTING** COLLAPSED UNDER MY FEET..



I'D PLUNGED DOWNWARD, SCREAMING, AS SO **MANY** OF MY APE-VICTIMS HAD DONE **BEFORE** ME. I'D BECOME WEDGED THERE, MY ARMS PINIONED AT MY SIDES... MY HEAD JUST ABOVE THE GROUND LEVEL... **HELPLESS... TRAPPED...**

AND THEN **THEY'D** COME...OUT OF THE **JUNGLE**...THE **LION** AND THE **PANTHER**...THE **HYENA** AND THE **APE**...THE **COUSINS** OF THOSE I HAD **TORTURED**. THEY'D COME **TOWARD** ME, **SNARLING**... AND THEN THEY'D **STOPPED**... AS IF THEY WERE **WAITING** FOR SOMETHING...



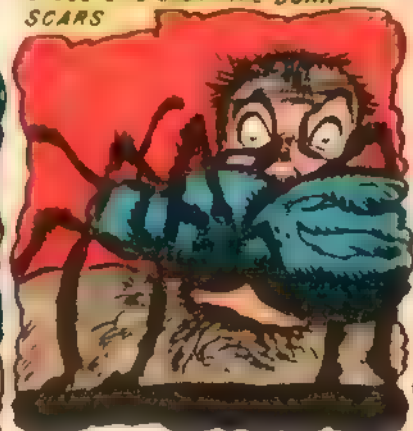
I'D WAITED TOO, TERRORIZED
HELPLESS PRAYING FOR DELIVER-
ANCE



AND THEN I'D HEARD THE RUSTLING,
AND SEEN THE GIANT ANT PUSH
THROUGH THE HIGH GRASS AT THE
CLEARING'S EDGE SEEN IT DRAG
TOWARD ME LEADING AN ARMY OF
GIANT ANTS FROM THE BRUSH



AND AS IT CAME CLOSER, I'D
RECOGNIZED IT SAW THE HOR-
RIBLE SCARS UPON ITS SLEEK
SHELL-LIKE BODY THE BURN-
SCARS



THEN, SUDDENLY IT WAS UPON ME,
ITS STARVING ARMY AFTER IT, RIP-
PING TEARING STRIPPING MY
FLESH



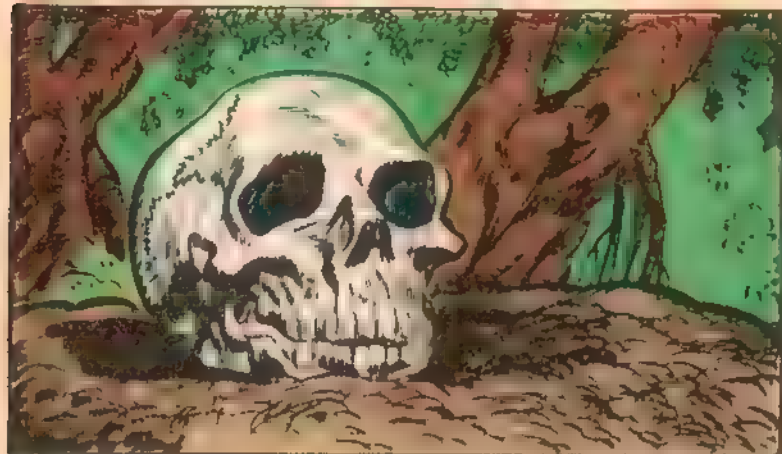
AND AFTER THEY'D FIN-
ISHED, THEY'D RETURNED
THEIR BELLIES BLOATED
TO THE BRUSH



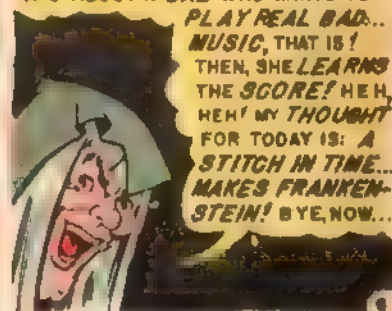
THE ECHOES OF MY SCREAMS HAVE LONG
SINCE FADED AWAY INTO MY JUNGLE DOMAIN
NOW, AND I CAN ONLY SIT HERE IN DEATH
AND SURVEY IT ALL WITH A BENEVOLENT
SILENCE WHILE THE ANIMALS THAT ONCE
FEARED ME COME NEAR AND LIVE AND
FEED AND PLAY...



FOR WHAT DO THEY HAVE TO FEAR FROM A HUMAN SKULL, STRIPPED
CLEAN, BLEACHED WHITE, STICKING UPWARD AWKWARDLY FROM A PIT IN A
MATTED GLADE THAT JUNGLE RAINS HAVE LONG SINCE REFILLED



HEH, HEH! LIKE MY PICNIC YARN,
KIDDIES? I TORTURE WOULD! NOW
IT'S TIME TO CLOSE THE VERMIN-
INFESTED VAULT OF HORROR
AND TOSS YOU BACK TO THE OLD
WITCH WHO'S WAITING WITH A
MORBID MUSICAL MASTERPIECE
THAT SHOULD DRIVE YOU NUTS!
IT'S ABOUT A GAL WHO WANTS TO



PLAY REAL BAD...
MUSIC, THAT IS!
THEN, SHE LEARNS
THE SCORE! HEH,
HEH! MY THOUGHT
FOR TODAY IS: A
STITCH IN TIME...
MAKES FRANKEN-
STEIN! BYE, NOW...

A COLLECTOR'S E.C. CHECK-LIST

Due to frequent requests from avid collectors of E.C. type literature, we are herewith publishing a complete check-list of E.C.'s "New Trend" crime and horror mags.

THE CRYPT OF TERROR

No. 17—Apr.-May, 1950 No. 18—Jun.-Jul., 1950
No. 19—Aug.-Sept., 1950

(title change to)

TALES FROM THE CRYPT

No. 20—Oct.-Nov., 1950 No. 33—Dec.-Jan., 1953
No. 21—Dec.-Jan., 1951 No. 34—Feb.-Mar., 1953
No. 22—Feb.-Mar., 1951 No. 35—Apr.-May, 1953
No. 23—Apr.-May, 1951 No. 36—Jun.-July, 1953
No. 24—Jun.-Jul., 1951 No. 37—Aug.-Sept., 1953
No. 25—Aug.-Sept., 1951 No. 38—Oct.-Nov., 1953
No. 26—Oct.-Nov., 1951 No. 39—Dec.-Jan., 1954
No. 27—Dec.-Jan., 1952 No. 40—Feb.-Mar., 1954
No. 28—Feb.-Mar., 1952 No. 41—Apr.-May, 1954
No. 29—Apr.-May, 1952 No. 42—June-Jul., 1954
No. 30—Jun.-Jul., 1952 No. 43—Aug.-Sept., 1954
No. 31—Aug.-Sept., 1952 No. 44—Oct.-Nov., 1954
No. 32—Oct.-Nov., 1952 No. 45—Dec.-Jan., 1955
No. 46—Feb.-Mar., 1955

THE VAULT OF HORROR

No. 12—Apr.-May, 1950 No. 26—Aug.-Sept., 1952
No. 13—June-Jul., 1950 No. 27—Oct.-Nov., 1952
No. 14—Aug.-Sept., 1950 No. 28—Dec.-Jan., 1953
No. 15—Oct.-Nov., 1950 No. 29—Feb.-Mar., 1953
No. 16—Dec.-Jan., 1951 No. 30—Apr.-May, 1953
No. 17—Feb.-Mar., 1951 No. 31—June-July, 1953
No. 18—Apr.-May, 1951 No. 32—Aug.-Sept., 1953
No. 19—Jun.-Jul., 1951 No. 33—Oct.-Nov., 1953
No. 20—Aug.-Sept., 1951 No. 34—Dec.-Jan., 1954
No. 21—Oct.-Nov., 1951 No. 35—Feb.-Mar., 1954
No. 22—Dec.-Jan., 1952 No. 36—Apr.-May, 1954
No. 23—Feb.-Mar., 1952 No. 37—June-July, 1954
No. 24—Apr.-May, 1952 No. 38—Aug.-Sept., 1954
No. 25—June-Jul., 1952 No. 39—Oct.-Nov., 1954
No. 40—Dec.-Jan., 1955

THE HAUNT OF FEAR

No. 15—May-June, 1950 No. 15—Sept.-Oct., 1952
No. 16—July-Aug., 1950 No. 16—Nov.-Dec., 1952
No. 17—Sept.-Oct., 1950 No. 17—Jan.-Feb., 1953
No. 4—Nov.-Dec., 1950 No. 18—Mar.-Apr., 1953
No. 5—Jan.-Feb., 1951 No. 19—May-June, 1953
No. 6—Mar.-Apr., 1951 No. 20—July-Aug., 1953
No. 7—May-June, 1951 No. 21—Sept.-Oct., 1953
No. 8—July-Aug., 1951 No. 22—Nov.-Dec., 1953
No. 9—Sept.-Oct., 1951 No. 23—Jan.-Feb., 1954
No. 10—Nov.-Dec., 1951 No. 24—Mar.-Apr., 1954
No. 11—Jan.-Feb., 1952 No. 25—May-June, 1954
No. 12—Mar.-Apr., 1952 No. 26—July-Aug., 1954
No. 13—May-June, 1952 No. 27—Sept.-Oct., 1954
No. 14—July-Aug., 1952 No. 28—Nov.-Dec., 1954

CRIME SUSPENSTORIES

No. 1—Oct.-Nov., 1950 No. 14—Dec.-Jan., 1953
No. 2—Dec.-Jan., 1951 No. 15—Feb.-Mar., 1953
No. 3—Feb.-Mar., 1951 No. 16—Apr.-May, 1953
No. 4—Apr.-May, 1951 No. 17—June-July, 1953
No. 5—June-July, 1951 No. 18—Aug.-Sept., 1953
No. 6—Aug.-Sept., 1951 No. 19—Oct.-Nov., 1953
No. 7—Oct.-Nov., 1951 No. 20—Dec.-Jan., 1954
No. 8—Dec.-Jan., 1952 No. 21—Feb.-Mar., 1954
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No. 11—June-July, 1952 No. 24—Aug.-Sept., 1954
No. 12—Aug.-Sept., 1952 No. 25—Oct.-Nov., 1954
No. 13—Oct.-Nov., 1952 No. 26—Dec.-Jan., 1955
No. 27—Feb.-Mar., 1955

SHOCK SUSPENSTORIES

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No. 4—Aug.-Sept., 1952 No. 13—Feb.-Mar., 1954
No. 5—Oct.-Nov., 1952 No. 14—Apr.-May, 1954
No. 6—Dec.-Jan., 1953 No. 15—June-July, 1954
No. 7—Feb.-Mar., 1953 No. 16—Aug.-Sept., 1954
No. 8—Apr.-May, 1953 No. 17—Oct.-Nov., 1954
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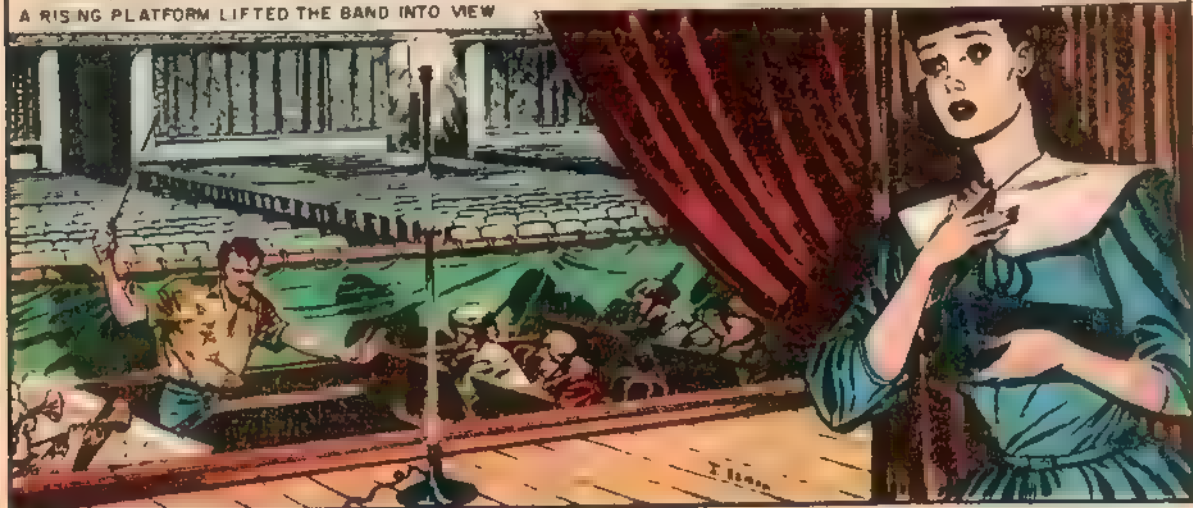
75,000 word refill 35c everywhere

HERE'S AN OFFBEAT OPUS SURE
TO DRIVE YOU NOTES! I CALL IT...

AUDITION



A SINGLE LARGE NAKED BULB ATOP THE IRON STAND ON THE STAGE PROJECTED ITS PALE LIGHT ACROSS THE VAST EMPTINESS OF THE THEATER. WHERE ROW UPON ROW OF GAPIING SEATS WAITED IN LONELY ANTICIPATION. A YOUNG LADY EMERGED SHYLY AND HESITANTLY FROM THE WINGS, HER CLARINET UNDER HER ARM. SHE, TOO, FELT THE SADNESS OF THE DESERTED SHOWPLACE. THEN, FROM NOWHERE SEEMINGLY, CAME A SUDDEN SCRAPING OF CHAIRS, A VERANT WHIRRING, THE MELODIOUS BLENDING OF INSTRUMENTS WITH FEMALE VOICES...AND FROM THE STYGIAN ORCHESTRA PIT, A RISING PLATFORM LIFTED THE BAND INTO VIEW

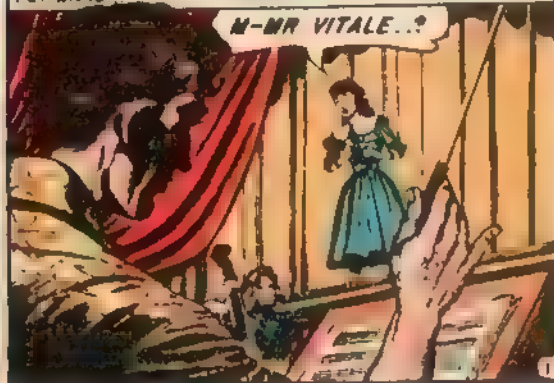


PHIL VITALE STOOD BEFORE HIS ALL-GIRL ORCHESTRA, DRAMATICALLY WAVING HIS BATON, LEADING IT IN ITS NATIONALLY FAMOUS THEME SONG. AS THE FINAL STRAINS FADED, HE RAPPED FOR SILENCE

ALL RIGHT, GIRLS! LET'S REMEARSE
NUMBER TWENTY-EIGHT



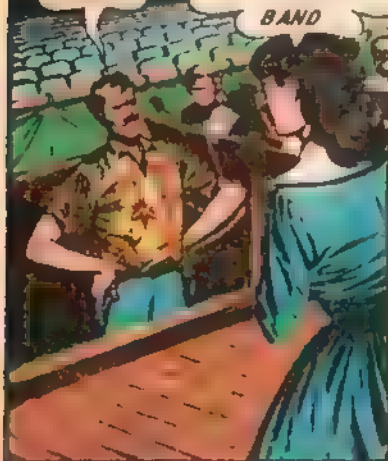
NOW CAME THE DISORGANIZED RUSTLE OF MUSIC SHEETS ON STANDS, THE UNHARMONIOUS TUNING OF INSTRUMENTS. ONCE AGAIN, VITALE RAPPED HIS BATON. INSTANTLY A DEATHLY HUSH FELL. THEN THE EAGER GIRL WITH THE CLARINET STEPPED FORWARD



PHIL VITALE WINCED. DROPPED HIS ARMS AND STARED ICILY AT THE INTRUDER.

AND...JUST *WHAT* DO YOU WANT, MISS?

MR. VITALE, I'D LIKE A CHANCE TO BE IN YOUR BAND



AS THE GIRL, ETHEL STARK...SO OBVIOUSLY IN HER TEENS...FUMBLING WITH HER CLARINET CASE, BLURTING FORTH HER WELL-REHEARSED STORY. VITALE'S ANGER SUBSIDED, HE WINKED SLYLY AT HIS BAND...

...AND EVEN WHILE I WAS PLAYING WITH THE *HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA*, I KEPT TAKING LESSONS. AND I'VE NEVER MISSED A DAY'S PRACTISE...FOR EIGHT WHOLE YEARS. AND...



THOUGH THE BANDLEADER WORE AN AMUSED SMILE, ETHEL COULD SENSE HIS GROWING IMPATIENCE. SHE FELL SILENT, EXTRICATED HER CLARINET, AND RAISED HER EYEBROWS QUESTIONINGLY.



ETHEL LAUNCHED INTO AN IMPROMPTU ORIGINAL MELODY ON HER LICORICE STICK...SWEET AND HAUNTING AT FIRST...THEN HOT, WILDLY ABANDONED. VITALE DRANK IN EVERY NOTE.



SILENCE GREETED HER SPIRITED PERFORMANCE. ETHEL LOOKED FROM THE LEADER TO HIS STONY-FACED BAND...



MR. VITALE GLANCED AT BELINDA, HIS VIOLINIST. SHE REPLIED WITH AN ALMOST IMPERCEPTIBLE SHAKE OF HER HEAD. HE LOOKED BACK AT ETHEL...AT HER SHAPELY FIGURE...HER LOVELY FACE. AND HE SHRUGGED.

...BUT...I'M SORRY!

WHY, MR. VITALE? YOU SAID YOU LIKED MY PLAYING? WHY?



THE BANDLEADER ABRUPTLY TURNED HIS BACK ON ETHEL AND STRODE AWAY. SHE FOLLOWED HIM...PLEADING

I'LL WORK HARD! I'LL BE GOOD! YOU'LL SEE! I...

IT'S NO USE, MISS! YOU JUST CAN'T BE IN MY ORCHESTRA!



ETHEL PERSISTED, AND HE WHIRLED ON HER SUDDENLY HIS EYES FLASHING IN FURY

WHY, YOU ASK? ALL RIGHT, I'LL TELL YOU WHY! YOU'RE TOO YOUNG TO BE IN MY BAND! YOU'RE STILL A CHILD! NOW, TAKE MY ADVICE! GO HOME... GROW UP... FIND SOME NICE FELLOW... MARRY HIM... AND SETTLE DOWN!



THE YOUNG CLARINETIST LEFT THE THEATER IN A STATE OF HOPELESS DEJECTION BUT THE NEXT DAY SHE WAS BACK WITH RENEWED ENTHUSIASM...

I'LL WORK FOR YOU FOR NOTHING, MR. VITALE! JUST GIVE ME THE CHANCE.

I TOLD YOU! YOU'RE TOO YOUNG!



SHE WAITED FOR HIM OUTSIDE THE STAGE DOOR

IT'S MY AMBITION FOR YEARS TO BE IN YOUR...

NO, MISS STARK! NO!



SHE MET HIM AGAIN IN FRONT OF HIS APARTMENT

I CAN'T, MISS STARK! I WON'T! NO!



SHE CLIMBED INTO HIS TAXICAB

NO!



SHE INVADIED HIS PRIVACY

NO!



...EVEN HIS DRESSING ROOM

NO!



YOU'VE GOT A NERVE COMING IN HERE! SUPPOSE I WASN'T DRESSED?

PLEASE, MR VITALE! PLEASE! IF YOU WON'T LET ME BE IN YOUR BAND... I'LL... I'LL KILL MYSELF!



PHIL VITALE SIGHED. HIS SHOULDERS SAGGED RESIGNEDLY.

YOU WANT TO BE IN MY BAND *THAT* BADLY?

OH, YES... YES... PLEASE, MR VITALE! PLEASE??

WITH NO FURTHER WORD, THE BANDLEADER TOOK ETHEL BY HER HAND AND LED HER TO THE LARGE ROOM BENEATH THE STAGE WHERE HIS GIRLS WERE STARTING TO FILE ONTO THE PLATFORM THAT WOULD CARRY THEM UP INTO THE EMPTY THEATER.

I I CAN'T DO ANYTHING WITH HER. SHE'S HOUNDING ME! NOW, SHE'S THREATENING TO KILL HERSELF! SHE WANTS TO BE IN THE BAND!

PHIL VITALE LOOKED AT HIS VIOLINIST, BELINDA, WITH A SLIGHT LIFT OF HIS EYEBROWS. SHE GLANCED AT ETHEL AND NODDED... SMILING...

OKAY, MISS STARK! IT'S ALL RIGHT WITH MY GIRLS!

OH, THANK YOU... THANK YOU...

JOYFULLY SHE STARTED TOWARD THE PLATFORM BUT VITALE STOPPED HER.

HOLD IT, YOUNG LADY! YOU CAN'T BE IN MY BAND LIKE THAT! FIRST... YOU'LL HAVE TO BE MADE READY!

READY?

HE LED HER TO A LOCKER AND TOOK OUT A SMALL LEATHER CASE. FROM THIS, HE REMOVED A HYPODERMIC NEEDLE AND A TINY BOTTLE OF GREENISH LIQUID. A SINISTER SMILE CROSSED HIS FACE AS HE FILLED THE HYPODERMIC.

WHAT...WHAT'S THAT FOR?

YOU WANT TO BE IN MY BAND, DON'T YOU? WELL, THIS WILL PREPARE YOU...

BEFORE SHE COULD OBJECT, THE BANDLEADER HAD THRUST THE NEEDLE INTO ETHEL'S ARM AND EMPTIED THE JADE FLUID...

YOU CAN'T BE IN MY BAND AS YOU ARE! THIS WILL MAKE YOU READY!

I... SOB I... I'M AFRAID!

A WAVE OF ICY FEAR GRIPPED ETHEL. A NUMBNESS CAME OVER HER, STARTING FROM HER FEET, MOVING UP, POSSESSING HER ENTIRE BEING. SHE SAW, YET COULD NOT FEEL, THAT VITALE WAS TAKING HER PULSE...

NO NEED TO BE AFRAID ANY LONGER, MISS STARK! YOU ARE QUITE DEAD!

ETHEL FOLLOWED VITALE TO THE PIT-PLATFORM, AND AS IT HUMMED IN SLOW ASCENT, SHE BEGAN TO UNDERSTAND...

DEAD? MR. VITALE SAID I'M DEAD! YET I CAN WALK! I'M I'M A ZOMBIE! THAT'S WHAT HE'S MADE ME INTO! A ZOMBIE! ONE OF THE LIVING DEAD!

...AND YOU'VE GOT TO BE DEAD TO BE IN MY BAND, MISS STARK!



HE LED HER FROM THE PLATFORM TO THE STAGE WHERE THE BAND SAT, WAITING...

I SEE IT ALL, NOW! THEY'RE ALL ZOMBIES! THE WHOLE BAND!

...ALTHOUGH I REALLY FELT THAT YOU WERE A BIT TOO YOUNG... TOO UNDER-DEVELOPED...



SHE STARED BLANKLY...HER FACE PALLID...HER EYES FIXED. BUT INSIDE, HAPPINESS SURGED THROUGH ETHEL...

THAT'S WHAT HE MEANT WHEN HE SAID I WAS TOO YOUNG! TOO YOUNG TO DIE! BUT I DON'T CARE! I DON'T CARE!

WELL, GIRLS! SHE WANTED TO BE IN MY BAND! HERE SHE IS! SHE'S DEAD!



AS IF THE ANNOUNCEMENT WAS A SIGNAL, THE GIRLS BROKE FROM THE BANDSTAND IN A WILD STAMPEDE...

NOW, MY AMBITION IS FINALLY REALIZED! HOW LONG I'VE WAITED AND DREAMED AND PRAYED FOR THIS MOMENT! SEE HOW THEY'RE RUSHING TO WELCOME ME!



BUT ETHEL WAS WRONG! THEY WEREN'T RUSHING TO GREET HER. FOR WHEN THEY REACHED HER THEY WERE DROOLING SPITTLE AND GIGGLING IDIOTICALLY AND THEY WILDLY TORE HER APART...

YOU SEE, MISS STARK YOU'VE GOT TO BE DEAD TO BE IN MY ORCHESTRA PHIL VITALE'S ALL GHOUL ORCHESTRA...



HEH, HEH! NO, THEY WEREN'T RUSHING TO GREET ETHEL... THEY WERE RUSHING TO EAT HER. SO THE POOR GIRL GOT HER WISH... SHE ENDED UP IN THE BAND AFTER ALL... INSIDE THEIR TUMMIES, THAT IS! "ALL GHOUL" ORCHESTRA! OH, MURDER! SAY, THOSE GIRLS ARE STRICTLY FROM HUNGER, EH? HEH, HEH! WELL... AS THE STARVING TROMBONIST SAID... I'D BETTER BLOW THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S READY TO HORN IN WITH HIS MORBID MUSIC.

OH, BY THE WAY, IF YOU SEE A MUSICIAN-VICTIM OF A MANIAC AX-KILLER, MAKE THIS CLEVER COMMENT: GEE! GLETF! 'BYE, NOW!



500 TEETH

The window slid open easily; his gloved hands grasping the sill, Villani swung lightly into the room. As his feet pressed down upon thick carpet, he turned and lowered the window, snapping the lock shut. No sense in advertising the fact that he was busting into the dump ... there'd be plenty of talk later, when the robbery was reported to the cops.

A strange sound made Villani whirl in surprise: a swarm of tiny dogs had hurtled into the room and were frantically nuzzling his trousers, sniffing at his shoes, licking his gloved fingers. Villani's eyes widened with fear as he counted a dozen creatures hemming him in ... then a smile of relief creased his anxious face. Miniature Doberman Pinschers! Same kind of pooches he'd seen in the pet shop window on the way over. Their full-size big brothers were ferocious when riled, but THESE little critters looked friendly enough. Like romping puppies.

Kneeling down amidst the horde of tiny dogs, Villani chuckled as the squirming creatures slithered joyfully into his arms, their tongues slobbering frenziedly against his face and neck. "How's about showing me where the family jewels're hidden?" Villani chortled. Straightening up, he shrugged off the clamoring animals. "Some watchdogs YOU half-pints make!"

With the spindly-legged little dogs frolicking at his heels, Villani moved quickly up the staircase and into the lavish master bedroom. It took him a moment to locate the safe, behind a wall bracket ... a few exploratory twists of the dial and the door slid open. The dogs sat watchfully as Villani pulled a tray of glittering gems from the vault and dumped the stones into his coat pocket. With a broad grin,

after he had shut the vault and replaced the wall bracket, Villani chirped at the dogs, who swarmed toward him, whining for attention.

"Thanks for your help, pooches!" Villani laughed. "You've welcomed me like a friend of the family ... done everything but pour me a cup of coffee! I'd hate to have the likes of YOU guarding MY valuables!"

The dogs frisked down the stairs ahead of Villani, blocking him as he moved toward the escape window ... their puny bodies spilling over one another in their violent game. At the bottom of the steps Villani tripped over one of the squealing animals ... his smile faded and his foot lashed out in sudden anger. "Time to stop being so palsy-walsy," Villani rasped. "I gotta get outa here before ..."

His foot struck another dog, he lost his balance and sprawled headlong onto the thick carpet. Villani's hands jerked to his face to protect himself from the slobbering tongues ... instead, he felt the sharp impact of teeth slashing at his flesh, heard enraged snarls deep in a dozen furry throats.

Thrashing wildly, to free himself from the savage attack on his clothes and skin, Villani was engulfed by the horde of writhing bodies pressing in upon him. Gleaming fangs tore at Villani's throat; a gush of blood splattered his shirt and flowed over his ferocious tormentors. The room began to whirl for Villani, as he realized that the skin of his face had been torn down to the bone ... his fingers were shredded ... he felt his tortured body being buried ... buried ...

"They ... tricked ... me ... !" Villani gasped in his death spasm. "Five hundred ... tricked by a dozen killers with ... with five hundred teeth!"

THE CRYPT OF TERROR

HEH, HEH! AND NOW IT'S TIME FOR YOUR **CRYPT-KEEPER**, HOST OF THE **CRYPT OF TERROR**, TO SERVE **DESERT** IN THIS **MORBID FOUR-COARSE MOLD-MEAL**, AND **WIND-UP FEASTIVITIES** FOR THE **OLD WITCH'S MUCK-MAG**. SO CRAWL INTO THE **CREEPY CAVERNS** OF **CADAVEROUS CAVORTINGS** AND SUFFER A **COFFIN SPELL** AS I NARRATE THIS **NAUSEATING NOVELETTE** OF **EGGENTRIC EMBALMING**. IT'S A FAVORITE OF MINE CALLED, . .

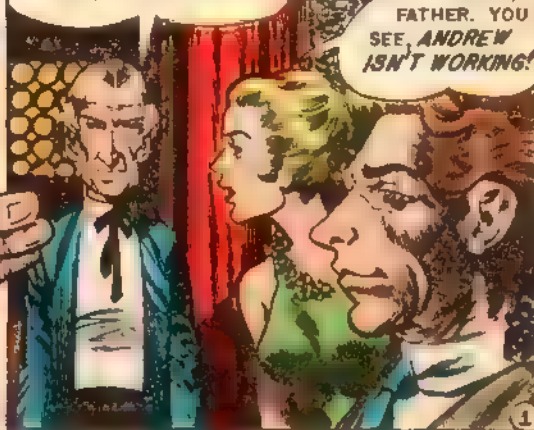
A WORK OF ART!



THE AIR OF JARVIS EDWARDS' LABORATORY WAS HEAVY WITH THE SHARP SUFFOCATING ODOR OF FORMALDEHYDE. THE YEARS SHOWED THEMSELVES ON THE AGING MORTICIAN... HIS NEARLY HAIRLESS HEAD... THE TREMBLING OF HIS VEINED HANDS. YET JARVIS EDWARDS WORKED WITH SUCH DEFT, BORE HIMSELF WITH SUCH DIGNITY, THAT THE CORPSE ON THE WHITE MARBLE TABLE LOOKED, AS THEY SAY, SO NATURAL... AS IF IN PEACEFUL SLUMBER. FOR THIS WAS JARVIS EDWARDS' PRIDE... A DEEP PRIDE IN HIS ART. AND WHEN HE'D FINISHED THE JOB, HE TURNED WITH THAT SAME PRIDE AND DIGNITY TO FACE HIS DAUGHTER, ELAINE, AND HER NEW HUSBAND...

I DON'T APPROVE OF ELOPEMENTS, MR. TULLY! I'M OLD FASHIONED ENOUGH TO HAVE EXPECTED YOU TO ASK ME FOR MY DAUGHTER'S HAND IN MARRIAGE...

YOU WOULD NOT HAVE APPROVED, FATHER. YOU SEE, ANDREW ISN'T WORKING!



JARVIS EDWARDS DREW HIMSELF UP TO THE FULL LENGTH OF HIS CADAVEROUS FIGURE. HIS JAW WORKED AS, FOR A MOMENT, HE STOOD IN STONY SILENCE. AT LAST, WITH AN OBVIOUS EFFORT AT SELF-CONTROL, HE ADDRESSED HIS NEW SON-IN-LAW.

YOU... YOU HAVE NO **JOB**, MR. TULLY? THEN JUST **NOW** DO YOU PROPOSE TO **SUPPORT** YOUR WIFE?

IF YOU'D **HELP** ME, SIR, I'D LIKE TO BE AN **UNDERTAKER**! ELAINE SAYS THERE'S LOTS OF **MONEY** IN IT...



ANDREW TULLY HAD TOUCHED A TENDER SOME SPOT OF JARVIS EDWARDS' LIFE...

UNDERTAKER, INDEED! I FORBID YOU TO USE THAT WORD IN THIS HOUSE! I, MR. TULLY, AM A MORTICIAN! AND I AM ONE OF THE FEW MEMBERS OF MY PROFESSION WORTHY OF THE NAME! THE REST ARE BUTCHERS!



I MEANT NO OFFENSE, SIR

YES, **BUTCHERS' MONEY! THAT'S ALL THEY'RE INTERESTED IN!** WHAT ABOUT **PRIDE** IN YOUR WORK, YOUNG MAN? WHAT ABOUT LOVE OF A **FINE ART**? **EMBALMING IS A FINE ART**, MR. TULLY...



I'M WILLING TO **LEARN**, MR. EDWARDS! I'LL WORK **HARD**...

LET'S **FACE** IT, FATHER! YOU NEED **ME** TO LOOK AFTER YOU, AND **ANDREW** NEEDS A **PROFESSION**! TEACH HIM **EMBALMING** AND WE'LL **STAY** HERE... LIVE WITH YOU... AND I CAN GO ON **KEEPING** HOUSE FOR YOU.



THE OLD MAN CONSIDERED FOR A MOMENT, THEN SHRUGGED. HIS FACE ASSUMED AN AIR OF HELPLESS RESIGNATION...

YES, I **DO** NEED YOU, ELAINE! ALL RIGHT. I'LL **TEACH** YOUR NEW HUSBAND MY ART. I ONLY **HOPE** AND **PRAY** HE'LL NOT **BECOME** ONE OF THOSE **BUTCHERS**!

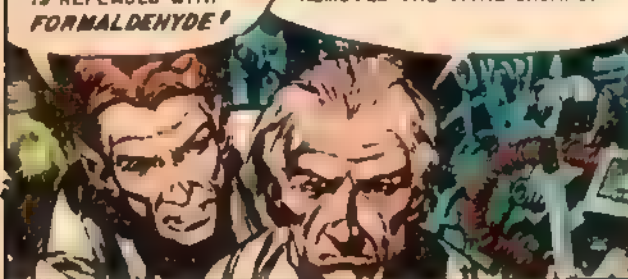
THANK YOU, FATHER!



AND SO YOUNG, AMBITIOUS ANDREW TULLY BECAME JARVIS' PUPIL...

BUT... GASP... YOU'RE **REMOVING** ALL OF THE **VITAL ORGANS**, MR. EDWARDS! I THOUGHT THAT ONLY THE **BLOOD** IS REPLACED WITH **FORMALDEHYDE**!

I **TOLD** YOU, ANDREW... WHEN I **EMBALM** A BODY, IT IS A **WORK OF ART**! IT WAS AN **ART** WITH THE **ANCIENT EGYPTIANS**... AND **THEY** REMOVED THE **VITAL ORGANS**!



IT SEEMS LIKE SUCH A WASTE OF **TIME**, MR. EDWARDS. **AFTER ALL**, WHEN A MAN IS **DEAD**, HE'S **DEAD**! AND WHAT **DIFFERENCE** DOES IT MAKE IF IT TAKES A LITTLE **LONGER** FOR HIM TO **ROT** IN HIS **GRAVE**? WHY, YOU COULD DO **THREE BODIES** IN THE TIME IT TAKES YOU TO DO **THIS ONE**!

I JUST CAN'T SEEM TO MAKE YOU **UNDER-stand**...



THOUGH THEY STOOD AT OPPOSITE ENDS OF THE POLE WHERE EMBALMING WAS CONCERNED, ANDREW TULLY TRIED HARD TO LEARN ALL THAT HIS STUBBORN FATHER-IN-LAW TAUGHT HIM. AND, AT LAST, THE YOUNG MAN WAS GIVEN A CADAVER OF HIS OWN...

NO! NO! ANDREW, THAT'S *NOT* THE WAY I *SHOWED* YOU TO HOLD A SCAPEL! UGH! IT GRATES ME TO SEE SUCH CRUDENESS...

OH, *SO WHAT?* WHO'LL SEE THE INCISIONS *ANYWAY?*!



I'LL SEE THEM... AND YOU'LL SEE THEM. IT'S A QUESTION OF *PROFESSIONAL PRIDE!* A NEAT INCISION SHOULD BE

I KNOW A WORK OF *ART!* WELL, I'M NOT INTERESTED IN *ART!* I HAVE TO EARN A LIVING!



OFTEN DURING HIS MONTHS OF APPRENTICESHIP, ANDREW WOULD RETURN TO THE APARTMENT OVER THE MORTUARY AND HE'D COMPLAIN TO ELAINE...

I TELL YOU IT'S *CRAZY* OPERATING ON *DEAD PEOPLE*, ELAINE! I CAN'T SEEM TO GET MY HANDS *SCRUBBED ENOUGH!* IT *SICKENS* ME! NOR CAN I FIGURE OUT WHAT YOUR FATHER HAS AGAINST *MAKING MONEY!*

FATHER IS *HIGHLY RESPECTED* IN HIS FIELD, ANDREW!



HE CALLS THEM ALL "*BUTCHERS!*" HE THINKS *I'M* ONE, *TOO!* WELL, I JUST BELIEVE IN MAKING A CORPSE *PRESENTABLE ENOUGH* FOR THE *MOURNERS* TO TAKE THEIR *LAST LOOK* AT IT, AND...

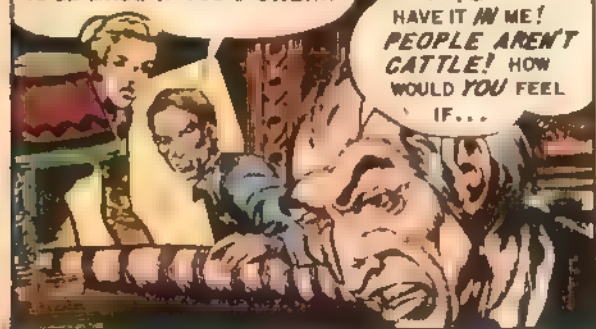
YOU'RE AT LIBERTY TO FIND EMPLOYMENT WITH ANY *OTHER* MORTICIAN WHO'LL HAVE YOU IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT HERE, ANDREW!



JARVIS EDWARDS STOOD IN THE DOORWAY, GRIM-FACED. ANDREW FLUSHED WITH EMBARRASSMENT.

I'M *SORRY*, SIR! I DIDN'T SEE YOU *STANDING* THERE! *BELIEVE* ME, THERE'S *NO MAN* I'D RATHER WORK FOR! IT'S JUST THAT THERE'S SO MUCH *MONEY* TO BE MADE IF YOU'D *ONLY...*

...*BURY THEM FAST...RAKE IN THE PROFITS QUICK JOBS...* EH, ANDREW? WELL, I DON'T HAVE IT *IN ME!* *PEOPLE AREN'T CATTLE!* HOW WOULD YOU FEEL IF...



I WOULDN'T FEEL *ANYTHING!* I'D BE *DEAD!* I WOULDN'T CARE HOW THEY BURIED ME!

I *KNEW* IT! YOU'VE GOT THE SOUL OF A *BUTCHER!*

STOP IT... BOTH OF YOU! MUST YOU BE *ALWAYS* *BICKERING?*



BEFORE LONG, ANDREW RECEIVED HIS LICENSE TO PRACTISE UNDERTAKING...YET JARVIS, ON MORE THAN ONE OCCASION, SHOWED HIS CONTEMPT FOR HIS SON-IN-LAW'S ABILITY...

AH, I SEE YOU ARE BUSY WITH *ANOTHER VICTIM*, ANDREW. *HERE!* I BROUGHT YOU *THIS* TO WORK WITH...

A *CLEAVER!* *VERY FUNNY!* WELL, I *DON'T APPRECIATE* YOUR HUMOR, MR. EDWARDS. BY YOUR STANDARDS, I MAY BE A *BUTCHER*... BUT MY PRIME CONCERN IS TO SUPPORT MY WIFE... YOUR DAUGHTER...

JARVIS CONTINUED TO DISAPPROVE OF ANDREW'S CLUMSY EFFORTS AS A MORTICIAN AND THE YEARS PASSED. ONE DAY, JARVIS SUFFERED A SLIGHT HEART ATTACK AND WAS CONFINED TO HIS BED. HE BECAME GLUM AND MOROSE AND DEPRESSED

I *MUSTN'T DIE*, ELAINE! I *CAN'T!*

NOW, FATHER... DR. PARRIS SAYS ALL YOU NEED IS A *WEEK OR TWO* OF REST AND YOU'LL BE *GOOD AS EVER*. COME, DRINK SOME OF THIS BROTH

JARVIS EDWARDS STARED OFF INTO SPACE

I'LL BE ALL RIGHT *THIS TIME*, YES... BUT IN A *FEW MONTHS...* A YEAR, PERHAPS... I'LL HAVE *ANOTHER ATTACK...* A *FATAL ONE!* THEN... *CHOKE...* WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO MY BODY? WHO'LL BE MY MORTICIAN?

THERE, *NOW* AREN'T YOU GLAD YOU TAUGHT ME, MR. EDWARDS. WHY, I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU!

SUDDENLY, JARVIS'S EYES FILLED WITH HORROR

NO! NO! YOU'VE GOT TO PROMISE ME, ELAINE... PROMISE ME YOU WON'T LET ANDREW EMBALM ME! DON'T LET HIM LAY A HAND ON ME! PROMISE ME! PROMISE!

ALL RIGHT, FATHER! I PROMISE! CALM YOURSELF! DR. PARRIS WARNED YOU AGAINST BECOMING EXCITED...

ALTHOUGH JARVIS EDWARDS RECOVERED FULLY FROM HIS ATTACK, HE NEVERTHELESS REMAINED SOMBER AND DEPRESSED. ONE TOPIC WAS FOREMOST IN HIS MORBID THOUGHTS...EVEN AT DINNERTIME...

I *WON'T* HAVE MY BODY MUTILATED BY ANY OF THOSE FUMBLING BUTCHERS. I *WON'T...*

OKAY, MR EDWARDS! OKAY...THEN WE'LL HAVE YOUR BODY CREMATED! ANDREW!

HIS FACE ASHEN WITH TERROR, JARVIS BOLTED FROM THE TABLE

CREMATED! OH, GOD, NEVER! I'D BE NOTHING MORE THAN AN URN OF ASHES! NO! NOBODY'S GOING TO DO THAT TO ME! NO! NO!...

ANDREW, THAT WAS CRUEL!

I *CAN'T* TAKE MUCH MORE OF THIS, ELAINE! I TELL YOU, IF THIS KEEPS UP, I'LL EXPLODE!

TENSION IN THE MORTICIAN'S HOUSEHOLD MOUNTED. WORKING WITH JARVIS BECAME UNBEARABLE FOR ANDREW...

MY LORD, SHE ISN'T A **FOOTBALL!** SEW HER UP... DON'T **LACE** HER! OH, HOW I **DREAD** THE TIME WHEN ONE OF YOU **MEATCUTTERS** TURNS MY BODY INTO AN **ANIMAL** CARCASS!

THAT'S ALL YOU **TALK** ABOUT! **YOUR BODY!** WHAT'S SO **SPECIAL** ABOUT **YOUR BODY?**



LISTEN, ANDREW! ALL THROUGH **LIFE** MAN SUFFERS **INDIGNITIES**. AT LEAST, IN **DEATH**, HE DESERVES THE SIMPLE MARK OF **RESPECT**... A **DECENT** **EMBALMING**.

THAT'S LIKE GIVING HIM **FLOWERS** AT HIS **FUNERAL!** **WHY?** HE CAN'T **SMELL** THEM!



USUALLY IT WAS ELAINE WHO PREVENTED A VIOLENT ARGUMENT FROM DEVELOPING BETWEEN HER HUSBAND AND FATHER...

ARE YOU TWO **STILL** AT IT DOWN THERE? FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, **STOP** THE NONSENSE AND COME UP FOR **DINNER!**



NOW THAT YOU'RE QUIETLY SEATED, THIS **LETTER** CAME IN THE MAIL. IT'S FROM THE **UNITED UNDER-TAKERS ASSOCIATION**. THEY'RE HAVING THEIR ANNUAL **CONVENTION**. I THINK **ONE** OF YOU OUGHT TO **GO**. IT'D DO YOU **GOOD** TO GET AWAY FROM EACH OTHER FOR A WHILE.

YOU WON'T CATCH **ME** GOING THERE. I DON'T WANT ANY OF THOSE **MEAT-PACKERS** NEAR ME... NOT **NOW**... NOR WHEN I **DIE!**



ANDREW ROSE FROM THE TABLE, FUMING...

LET ME **TELL** YOU SOMETHING, MR. EDWARDS! **NOBODY** IS GOING TO **CUT YOU UP!** LIKE IT OR **NOT**, THEY'LL FILL YOU WITH **FORMAL-DEHYDE**, SLAP SOME **ROUGE** ON ON YOUR FACE, NAIL THE **LID** ON YOUR **COFFIN**, DROP YOU INTO THE **GROUND**, AND SEND **ELAINE** AND **ME** THE **BILL!**



JARVIS EDWARDS SHUDDERED AT ANDREW'S COLD-BLOODED MATTER-OF-FACTNESS, AND HE LOOKED PLEADINGLY AT HIS DAUGHTER...

YOU... YOU WON'T LET THEM DO **THAT** TO ME, **WILL YOU**, ELAINE?

WHO'S GOING TO SHOW THEM THE **RIGHT WAY**, MR. EDWARDS? YOU'VE ALWAYS SAID YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE THAT **REALLY KNOWS HOW TO EMBALM...**



ELAINE BROKE IN ANGRILY

STOP IT! BOTH OF YOU! STOP...

ELAINE, YOU'RE **RIGHT!** I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY. I'LL **GO** TO THAT **UNDER-TAKER'S CONVENTION!**



AND SO, ANDREW TULLY WENT OFF TO JOIN HIS UNDERTAKERS AT THE CONVENTION IN CHICAGO. MEANWHILE, JARVIS EDWARDS BECAME MORE AND MORE MOODY. ONE NIGHT, HE AND ELAINE WERE SITTING QUIETLY IN THE LIVING ROOM, ELAINE WAS EMBROIDERING AND JARVIS WAS THUMBING ABSENTLY THROUGH A MAGAZINE, SUDDENLY...

WHAT IS IT, FATHER? YOU'RE... YOU'RE CHUCKLING!

AM I, DEAR? PERHAPS? YOU SEE, I'VE JUST SOLVED MY PROBLEM!



IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED, JARVIS BROUGHT MANY MORE MAGAZINES INTO THE HOUSE, BUNDLING THEM OFF TO THE PRIVACY OF HIS BEDROOM. THERE, FOR HOURS UPON HOURS, HE WOULD PORE OVER THEM... READING... NOTING... PLANNING...

FATHER, IT'S LATE! YOU SHOULD BE ASLEEP!

JUST A FEW MORE MINUTES, ELAINE. NOW, BE A GOOD GIRL AND CLOSE THE DOOR AND LEAVE ME ALONE!



THEN JARVIS BEGAN TO WRITE LETTERS... AND ENCLOSE CHECKS IN THEM...

WHAT ARE YOU WRITING FOR, FATHER?

YOU'LL SEE! YOU'LL SEE!



ANDREW TULLY CAME HOME FROM THE UNDERTAKER'S CONVENTION A WISER AND MORE EAGER MAN. HE'D LEARNED MANY TRADE SECRETS WHILE HE WAS THERE. SHORT CUTS TOWARD RUNNING A MORE PROFITABLE OPERATION. HE SPOKE GLOWINGLY OF HIS FELLOW MORTICIANS TO ELAINE...

A GREAT BUNCH, HONEY, I TELL YOU, THEY MADE ME PROUD TO BE A MEMBER OF THE PROFESSION, AND SHARP.? BABY, WHAT I LEARNED IN CHICAGO IS GOING TO MAKE US RICH!

I'M GLAD, ANDY, BUT.. WELL, I'M WORRIED ABOUT FATHER!



OH? STILL GRIPING ABOUT WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO HIM AFTER HE DIES?

HE'S BEEN ORDERING THINGS... THINGS IN MAGAZINES. I WOULDN'T HAVE THOUGHT ANYTHING ABOUT IT EXCEPT THAT HE'S BEEN SO SECRETIVE...



ORDERING THINGS? WHAT KINDS OF THINGS?

I DON'T KNOW! WHENEVER A PACKAGE ARRIVES, HE TAKES IT INTO THE LABORATORY WITHOUT OPENING IT. HE'S THERE NOW. HE'S ALWAYS THERE, HAMMERING AND PUTTERING. I HAVE TO CALL HIM THREE AND FOUR TIMES FOR SUPPER!



ANDREW FOUND HIS FATHER-IN-LAW WORKING ON A "CUSTOMER" IN THE LABORATORY. THE OLD MAN'S MOOD SEEMED LIGHT AND GAY IN CONTRAST TO THE GLOOM OF THE SURROUNDINGS. HIS QUICK, EFFICIENT LABORS ON THE BLuish CORPSE UNDER THE OVERHEAD LIGHT WERE IN THE MANNER OF A SEASONED PERFORMER ON A STAGE. HE LOOKED UP WITH A QUICK SMILE AS HIS SON-IN-LAW ENTERED...

I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU LOOKING SO WELL, MR. EDWARDS!

AH... ANDY, M'BOY! YOU'RE BACK JUST IN TIME. TAKE OVER ON THIS FELLOW, WILL YOU? I'VE GOT TO GO OUT AND MAIL A FEW ORDERS...



ORDERS? WHAT ORDERS? WE'VE GOT ALL THE SUPPLIES WE NEED...

NOW, NOW! THIS DOESN'T CONCERN YOU, MY BOY... NOT YET...



ANDREW REPORTED TO HIS WIFE

YOU'RE RIGHT, DEAR. HE IS WORKING ON SOMETHING I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS BUT I'M GOING TO FIND OUT!

PLEASE DON'T LET'S HAVE ANY MORE ARGUMENTS, ANDREW



THAT NIGHT AFTER SUPPER, JARVIS EXCUSED HIMSELF AND HURRIED TO THE LABORATORY. SOON THE SOUNDS OF HAMMERING AND SAWING DRIFTED UPSTAIRS...

I'M GOING DOWN AND SEE WHAT HE'S UP TO!



ANDREW DESCENDED TO THE LABORATORY. THE DOOR WAS CLOSED. HE TRIED THE KNOB. HE SHOUTED ABOVE THE CLATTER WITHIN...

MR. EDWARDS! OPEN UP!

GO AWAY! GO AWAY AND LEAVE ME ALONE!



DAY AFTER DAY, PACKAGES ARRIVED. NIGHT AFTER NIGHT, JARVIS WOULD LOCK HIMSELF IN THE LABORATORY. AND ANDREW'S CURIOSITY GREW

THIS CLOSET, MR EDWARDS. WHY IS IT PADLOCKED?

YOU STAY OUT OF THAT CLOSET, ANDREW! MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS! JUST TEND TO YOUR BUTCHERING!



AND WHEN THE LABORATORY HAD NO "CUSTOMERS," JARVIS WOULD LOCK HIMSELF IN ALL DAY... TINKERING... CLANKING... BUZZING...

FATHER! PLEASE COME UP FOR DINNER! OH, THIS IS GETTING TO BE UNBEARABLE...

LET HIM PLAY AROUND DOWN THERE! I'M NOT LETTING MY DINNER GET COLD!



ONE NIGHT, JUST BEFORE SUPPER, THE APARTMENT ABOVE THE MORTUARY WAS SUDDENLY FILLED WITH A HUMMING SOUND COMING FROM THE LAB. ELAINE STAMPED ANGRILY...

FATHER! COME UP! YOUR SUPPER'S GETTING COLD! HONESTLY, ANDREW... *SOME-TIMES I THINK FATHER IS IN HIS DOTAGE!*

YOU'RE TELLING ME! LOOK AT THESE OBITUARY NOTICES. JAMES CROCK FUNERAL HOME... SIX, SEVEN... *NINE BODIES THEY HANDLED TODAY. THEY KNOW THE SCORE! WE DON'T HANDLE NINE A WEEK!*



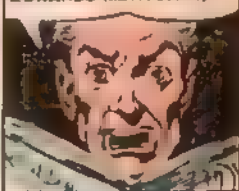
BODIES 'CORPSES' GADAVERS! I'M SICK OF IT! SICK OF EVERYTHING! FATHER IF YOU DON'T COME UP THIS MINUTE, I'LL...

CHOKES... ELAINE! LISTEN TO THIS! IT'S AN OBIT!



ANDREW'S FACE DRAINED WHITE. HIS HANDS SHOOK...

"MR. JARVIS EDWARDS REGRETFULLY ANNOUNCES HIS DEATH AT 6:30 P.M. THIS EVENING. SURVIVING IS HIS DAUGHTER, ELAINE TULLY. BURIAL WILL BE FROM THE JARVIS EDWARDS MORTUARY."



ELAINE SHOT A QUICK GLANCE AT THE KITCHEN CLOCK... SWAYED MOMENTARILY... THEN WHISPERED

FATHER... GASP...

IT... IT'S SOME SORT OF JOKE! IT...



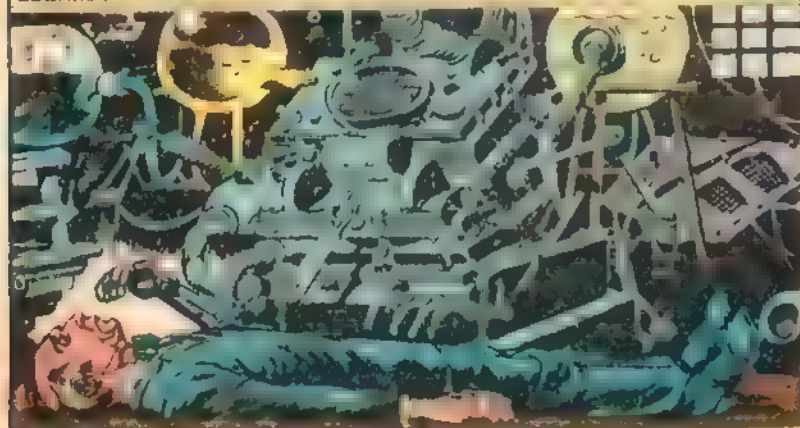
THE HUMMING FROM THE LABORATORY DRONED ON AND ON. ELAINE GAVE A LITTLE WHIMPERING CRY AND DARTED DOWN THE STAIRS... ANDREW CLOSE AT HER HEELS. THEY FLUNG OPEN THE LAB DOOR AND STOPPED... FROZEN STATUE-LIKE IN GRANITE HORROR AT WHAT THEY SAW...

ELAINE! DON'T LOOK!

OH, LORD!



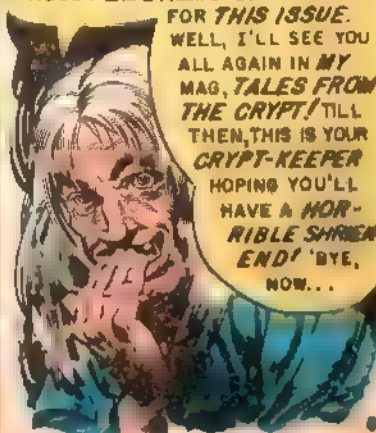
THE BLOODLESS CORPSE OF JARVIS EDWARDS LAY ON THE COLD MARBLE TABLE. AND OVER HIM, THE WEIRD MACHINE WITH THE METAL ARMS AND THE SPINNING SCALPEL AND THE CLUTCHING CLAWS AND THE HOSES AND JARS AND PUMPS AND NEEDLES HUMMED AND CLICKED AND FINISHED OFF THE EMBALMING JOB IT HAD STARTED AT 6:30 P.M. ... A JOB THAT JARVIS EDWARDS HIMSELF WOULD HAVE CONSIDERED "A WORK OF ART"...



HEH, HEH! SO THE OLD BOY BUILT HIMSELF HIS OWN MORTICIAN, EH? WELL, THAT'S ONE WAY OF UNDERTAKING ONE'S OWN UNDERTAKING. WELL, THAT ABOUT EMBALMS O.N.'S MAG

FOR THIS ISSUE.

WELL, I'LL SEE YOU ALL AGAIN IN MY MAG, TALES FROM THE CRYPT! TILL THEN, THIS IS YOUR CRYPT-KEEPER HOPING YOU'LL HAVE A HORRIBLE SHRIEK END! 'BYE, NOW...



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Here are the Test Engineer's notarized figures showing the sensational increase in compression obtained in a 1930 De Soto taxi that had run for 93,086 miles. Just one POWER SEAL injection increased pep and power, reduced gas consumption, cut oil burning nearly 50%.

	Cyl. 1	Cyl. 2	Cyl. 3	Cyl. 4	Cyl. 5	Cyl. 6
BEFORE	90 lbs.	90 lbs.	105 lbs.	90 lbs.	80 lbs.	100 lbs.
AFTER	115 lbs.	115 lbs.	117 lbs.	115 lbs.	115 lbs.	115 lbs.

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"We simply inserted the POWER SEAL per instructions and made no other repairs or adjustments. Compression readings were taken before and after and showed a big improvement in both cars. As a result the engine gained a lot more pick-up and power which was especially noticeable on hills. What impressed us most was the sharp reduction in oil consumption. In one cab, we've actually been saving a quart a day and figure we have saved \$11.20 on oil alone since the POWER SEAL was applied a month ago. In the other cab, oil consumption was cut practically in half. We have also been getting better gas mileage. All in all, POWER SEAL turned out to be just about the best investment we ever made. It paid for itself in two weeks and has been saving money for us ever since, to say nothing of postponing the cost of major overhauls that would have run into real money." Town Taxi, Douglass, N. Y.

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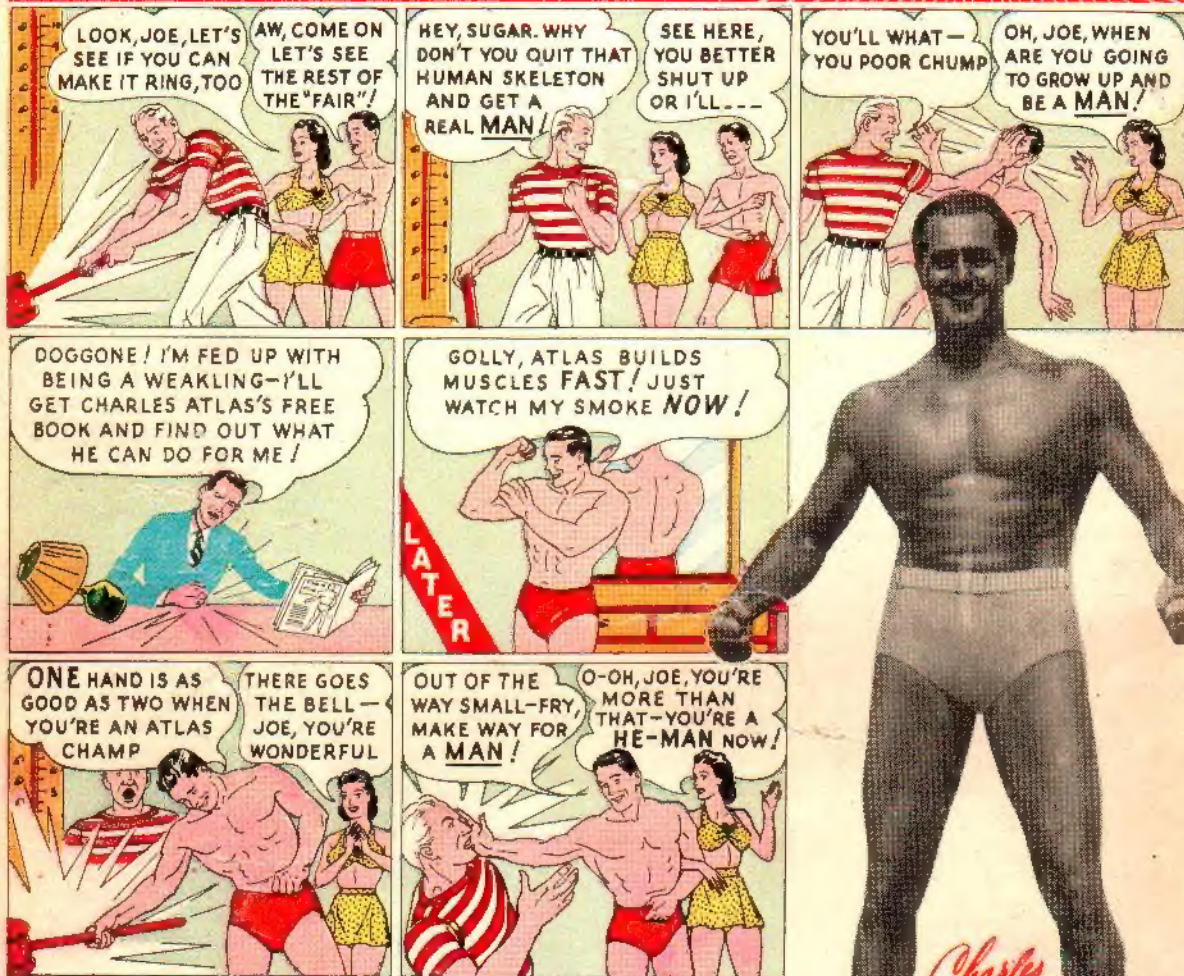
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